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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. T. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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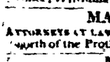


DR. WISER—104 Keep Right, Deer and Bluetop Pills, just received and for sale by the Agent [illegible] by
R. F. Stillett & Co.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE RESULT.

BY J. R. DOW.

Night—darker night—on Europe falls;
The panting millions strive no more;
The Cossack revels in her halls,
And quaffs the wine cup, stained with gore.
The gathering storms of *suffering years*
In one fierce thunder-peal depart;
While the red reaper gathers dears,
And binds the independent heart.

The struggle's o'er—the voice is gone;
The bones that moved are bones again,
The murderers yell is onward borne,
And famine stalks o'er fields of slain.
While in the dust the hopeless sigh,
And Virtue bleeds in War's embrace,
The dead upon their banner lie,
And smiles of glory light each face.

Old crumbling thrones arise again,
With deeper woes and deadlier hate.
The Iron hand makes bare the chain,
And bids the dungeon's hinges grate.
Free thoughts now fester in the mind,
And generous souls forget to give;
While palsied hosts to fate resigned,
Kiss the Red robber's hand to live.

Oh God! when all the people rise
And walk erect in proud attire,
While calm contentment lights the skies,
And pale disunion's lurid face?
When princely word shall weigh no more
Than plebian speech, though homely said,
And mind shall with the eagle soar,
And matter kennel with the dead.

THE JEW'S STORY.

"Vengeance is Mine, and I willl repay"

In one of my solitary rambles, in a distant country of England, I chanced to find myself on the borders of a lonely wood, as evening fell. As I stood hesitating whether I should retrace my steps or penetrate into the mass of pathless forest, a figure crossed my way. It was one of those wanderers who may, at times, be seen in remote country roads; an old man, tall and gaunt, with a flowing beard, a turban on his head, and his limbs clothed in the loose garments common to the inhabitants of Oriental climes. He carried before him a small box, hanging by leathern straps from his shoulders, containing cinnamon and myrrh, saffron and cloves, and other fateful spices of the Indies and Levant, with other wares little value. The expression of his countenance, his *bright eye, his aquiline profile,* declared him to be a Je, the rich blood of the children of Israel flowed beneath the dark complexion of Eastern origin. He had *wandered from a distant country, a very lovely clime,* than which there are few so fair beneath the sun—from Anatolia.

He stopped as he approached me, and turning towards me a countenance deeply lined with care and fatigue, he said gently.

"Have you any wish to buy wares I carry? Here are drugs, dried fruits, and pleasant spices. I have coffee from Mecca, gums from Sinoub, and figs from Alepo. I have pretty trinkets—chains and rings."

I shook my head, and, as I passed on, I fancied I noticed, in the dim light, that a tear trembled in the wanderer's eye. I stopped again and said:

"You are ill and tired."

"I am poor," answered he; "but I was not always so. I am unhappy, but once, as not; this is the eve of a festival held holy by the people of whom I am: I must pass it beneath the hedges or the lone fields, for I am near none of my brethern."

"Your brethern?" I asked inquisitively.

"My fellow believers, I mean," he replied: "I am a Jew."

"They say," I observed, anxious to testify an interest in the solitary wanderer, "that you brethern are kind to one another."

"Sir," replied the Israelite; "the tie of common faith is a password between us; the rich will give food to his poor brother, the strong will lend an arm to the feeble, *the happy will console the wretched.* When I had wealth, and strength, and happiness, I have acted generously to my people."

"You were rich once," I said, endeavoring to prove that my motive for inquiry was no impertinent sentiment.

"I was," he said, "but I have fallen."

"Your story has, perchance, been a strange one," I remarked: "I should like to hear it."

Suddenly his manner changed. A thousand emotions seemed to be struggling in his breast and to choke the current of his voice. At length, after a pause, he said:

"Sir, I will tell it—at all times, it does me good. It matters not how far I go on my journey to-night. Let us walk on, however, and I will tell you all."

"My name," he began, "is Eliezer, the son Reuben. In the country whence I came, we are called by our father's name, added to our own; in lieu of a surname. From time almost immemorial, my ancesters dwelt in a little house a few paces within the gates of the Jewish quarter of Smyrna. Here my father followed his father's trade, and dealt in spices and drugs, for which he was famous even beyond the precincts of the Ghetto; and here I dwelt with him.

When but a mere boy, I desired to marry a beautiful maiden living near us; my father, from prudent motives, opposed my wishes. For years I endeavored to change his resolution, but in vain. He died, protesting against my contracting the alliance on which I had set my heart. While he lived, I obeyed him; but scarcely had the sods above his coffin clumped together, scarcely had the thirty days of mourning expired, when I went to my neighbor's house and demanded his daughter in marriage.

You will see that the disobedience of the son was avenged seventy-fold!

My wife, after some few years of marriage, brought me but one child, in giving birth to whom she sacrificed her own. This child, my daughter (whose entrance in this valley of the shadow was embittered by the loss of one whom I had so fondly cherished,) was, as you may well believe, very dear to me. I tended her when she was a feeble baby; I watched, with unceasing care, her progress from infancy to womanhood: I watched her. Heaven only knows how fondly! and every summer that passed over her head, taught me to love her more and more.

She had no wish ungratified; every girlish fancy was anticipated; I, and all about me, made it the great object of our lives to give her pleasure.

But, in this world, I have learned that no joy lasts forever.

It chanced one day—the very day that she had completed her eighteenth year, and was one of the most graceful and beautiful of the women in Smyrna—it chanced that I approached her room unexpectedly. What was my astonishment, on entering, to perceive that she held in her hand a portrait! I knew that such trifles were forbidden amongst Mussulmen. I sprang forward, excitedly, to examine the picture. She made an effort to conceal it; but I tore it from her, and I beheld the likeness of a young Christian—a merchant who lived near us, without the Ghetto. It was, I saw, the likeness of a French Christian, an alien to her country, an alien to her brethern, an alien to her faith. Transported by my fury I asked the meaning of this. The trembling girl threw herself at my feet, and bursting into tears, endeavored to assuge my anger and told me—a horrible tale or a Jewish father's ears—told me that she loved the Gentile! Yes, she told me she loved him; that for three years she had cherished her love in secret; and that the young Christian loved her tenderly in return.

Then when I heard all, when I knew all—I cursed the gentile aloud; I cursed him ruthlessly; and I had also cursed my child, had not the sight of her, and the memory of her dear mother, who perished to give me my daughter, stayed the torrent of my rage.

I tried every means—persuasion, commands, advice, appeal to heart, menace of unforgiving wrath—to induce her to abandon this fearful attachment. In vain—in vain; she was immoveable; she was resolute in her adherence to her unholy affection. At last, having long struggled to combat this trouble, I resolved on taking a great measure. I sold off my business disadvantageously; and then, without informing any one of my intentions, I quitted Smyrna, suddenly, taking my daughter with me.

My first halt was at a small town, a day's journey from Smyrna; I hired two chambers in a lonely house and prepared to pass the night there.

Early next morning I rose to re-commence my journey. I sought my daughter's chamber, and bade her prepare to accompany me.

My God! She had fled—fled in the night—no one knew when or whither.

Fast as the fleetest horse could fly, I sped back to Smyrna, and learnt, as I expected, that the young Christian had left the town the previous morning. My suspicions were confirmed. My child—my soul—my treasure had fled with the alien. The great storm had broken over my devoted head.

I found Smyrna hateful to me; I placed my bags of sequins on a mule, with a small bale of produce of Anatolia, and quitted forever the city in which I was born, where my fathers were buried and where I had hoped to die.

I crossed the Dardanelles, and fixed my residence at Constantinople; but the remembrance of my daughter weighed heavily on my soul. It gnawed on my spirit, I could not rest.

I made unceasing inquiries at the various embassies. At length my efforts met with success. I obtained at the French legation a clue. I was told that, about eighteen months or two years before, two persons *answering to the description I had drawn,* had crossed the frontier dividing Turkey from Hungary, professing their intention to proceed to France. I flew to Vienna; hence traced the route of the fugitives at Baden, to Aixla-Chapelle; and there lost the thread of their progress for some time. At last, I was enabled to trace them to Strasburg; and, after a ceaseless and terrible search that lasted three years, I succeeded in procuring information that persons, answering to the appearance of my daughter and her husband, had arrived some three months previously in Paris, and had taken up their residence in the Rue Maubec, a small, mean street in one of the most unwholesome quarters of Paris, the one inhabited by the low classes of Jews.

When I remember all I had suffered during my three years search—the frequently fruitless expeditions the sleepless nights, the restless days; when I remember how full my joy was when I thought that I should again see my child and meet her destroyer face to face—I do not wonder that I knelt down overpowered, on the threshold of the house where I learnt the last intelligence, and gave way—for the first time for years—to frantic tears!

[Here the Jew paused, and, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded as follows:]

I went soon to the Rue Maboe, a mean narrow lane, *unwholesome, as you perhaps know some quarters of that* city to be. I entered house after house, careless of the fact that in some places I was ridiculed as a madman: in others, scouted as an agent of police. At length in one house I was informed there resided a lady who could speak but little French, or even German, a favorite dialect of that part of Paris. I begged the porter to show me her room; I fancied he hesitated, so I pushed some gold into his hand, and followed him up a filthy and dark staircase to an apartment at the very top of the house. We paused before the door; it was to see my child again!

I do not remember how I entered, or what I said, or saw at first. I only know, I only recall to mind—that I found myself on my knees before a low bed, on which lay a pale, emaciated, feeble creature, who pressed my hands in hers, and said she was my daughter.

She knew me again, despite the sorrows and the toils that had furrowed my brow and blanched my hair. I think, if my memory fails me not, that I did not recognize her; she was so changed; she was beautiful no more; her hands that held mine were cold and numbed, as if the veins that crossed them were utterly bloodless: her hair was gray—no: twenty-five years old, and her hair all grey! Her very voice had changed its tone. Oh Heaven! what agony! Six years since I had seen her last, and the father did not know his child again.

But she!—she looked at me intently; she called me by my name; and she was my child and sank back, speechless, in a heavy faint. She recovered soon, however, to tell me that she was more wretched than human pen has power to describe, and that her life hung on my forgiveness.

Forgiveness! poor child! Who, with a father's heart, could have steeled his spirit against the daughter who had been torn from him six long years, and then restored steeped in the darkest misery?—What father, then, would have remembered that she had erred against his honor, *or against his faith?* What father, of human mould, would not have done as I did in that awful moment—who clasped my sinning girl to my torn breast and laid my hand gently on her head, to bless her as I blest her in olden days, when her soul knew no impurity, and her heart no pang.

And then, she laid on my breast, she told me a sad story for a father to hear. She said that she had, at first, fled with the gentile to Turkey, and hence, by the route I have alluded to, he went to Paris. He had in the beginning treated her kindly, and even lovingly; but when they once touched the soil of France, his manner changed gradually towards her—his voice became more harsh, his conduct more unkind, his words less gently chosen, until, at last, he treated her with rough unkindness.

A child was born to her at Strasburg. After the birth of their baby he began to return to his former bearing towards her; his manner somewhat softened; he hired elegant rooms for her, and rendered her all requisite attention. When her child was six months old, her seducer left her for a journey of some weeks. He returned, unexpectedly, in the middle of a wintry night, bid her prepare to go with him in a second tour, placed her in a carriage that waited at the door, and removed her by rapid stages, to Paris.

Arriving there, he drove to the miserable house in Rue Maubec, where she then stayed, left her there with the baby; and after she had been a few hours in Paris, he quitted her room, placing in her hand a hundred francs and a few words written on a slip of paper; and she never saw him more!

On the paper the heartless ruffian had inscribed these cruel words:

"The daughter who deserted her father can have but little cause to blame the lover who deserts his mistress."

She was then desolate—I shudder to think how desolate! And now in her cold solitude, remorse—which the voice of passion had long stilled—burst on her soul in merciless violence. The memory of the past, more cruel to her than the anticipation of the future. It is not so much the sorrow undeserved that drives men mad, as the tortures of remorse; and thus her agony grew strong almost beyond endurance.

And then came another sorrow; a fearful disease, working premature decay, poisoned the currents of her blood. She pined mentally and wasted bodily. The sword and its scabbard was destroyed in unison.

I will not prolong the story of her sufferings. Let it be enough to say, that, as she finished the terrible recital, she drew the last coin left her from beneath her pillow, and, *pointing to her sleeping baby, she said calmly,*

"Now that thou hast come, my father, I shall be saved one punishment, at least. I shall not see my daughter perish before mine eyes."

I spoke to her in the language of her fathers, the language she had never heard in that strange land. I told her how I had traveled over weary leagues of rugged ground to have the joy of meeting her again; and how I readily forgave her every pang her waywardness had caused me; and how I felt, that, after all, perhaps I—not she—should bear the greater blame for not considering more generously the impulses of youth; for, do you see, she was my daughter! Then I besought her, by all the love she bore me, to strive, with pious earnestness, to banish from her mind all memory of the alien; then we might fling oblivion over the past sorrows, and live as if trouble had never fallen on our dwelling.

But she said all such hope was vain; that she knew she was dying, and now could die in peace, since she had seen me again and had been forgiven. She only asked to leave her child in my care; but when she placed the smiling baby in my arms, I had for one moment a tho't of casting from me that fruit of an unholy alliance—the offspring of him who had worked the disgrace of my daughter and the dishonor of my house. But better feelings drove the shadow forth; for, sir, it was my daughter's child.

After we had talked gently and calmly for a time, and she had told me that her seducer was known by the name of Victor Armand, (a name, I pray you sir, never forget, I thought she seemed to rally; her voice grew more firm, her spirits cheered; she even spoke of recovery; though that my presence gave her new vigor, and that she could go with me and her baby to some tranquil and secluded place; far from the stranger's land of pollution, beneath the sunny sky of the father-home. There might she learn forgetfulness at least; so only that she went away, *far away, from the scene of her misery and sin.* And so the night wore on. But before morning broke she relapsed fatally. Suddenly a great change took place.—Suddenly the cup of hope I had dared to raise at my lips was dashed pitilessly away. Suddenly the heart that was pressed to mine, flattered and stopped its restless throbs. Suddenly a *horrid instinct* told me that my daughter, God help me! my daughter was dead!

I heard a piercing shriek break from her lips, as the soul winged its course to heaven. I looked at her face and knew all then. What need to grasp her pulse or touch her lips. Oh, sir, my heart was desolate in truth; my child was dead.

[Again the wanderer paused, and, bending his brow on his hands, the hot tears fell down his furrowed cheeks. It is not meet to see a childless father's grief, so I turned my head aside until he resumed his story.]

Sir, (he continued in a tremulous voice,) I can weep now; then I had no tears. And when my daughter was laid in her grave, and her baby beside her, for the bud perished with then parent flower, what the had I to hold me to life? What more else was I in the broad world? What link would bind me to existence? I had nothing more to love—I had nothing more to guard—I had nothing more to cling to. Nor sir, that was true; but I lived *still, for my task was not complete, I had to avenge,* to avenge my daughter's misery, her dishonor and her death!

As he said those words, if tears still gushed from his breast, the fire that must have raged there had surely dried up, eternally, the blessed fount.

Sir, (he went on to say,) had you seen your only child in the last great agony—had you heard her thrilling shriek as her spirit tore itself away—had her dying eyes been fixed on yours with a glance of such unutterable anguish—had you seen all that I had seen; that I saw in that supreme hour: oh! believe me you would have dashed from your heart all gentle thoughts everlastingly; you would have yielded faith, religion, charity, all to the excess of your misery; you would have done as I have done, or you are not human; you would have prayed the prayer I prayed; you would have framed the curse I framed; and you would have asked the God who afflicted you never to let your bones rest in the grave till the death-hour of your child was avenged!

So, for the dreary years—I do not know how many, I never cared to count—I have sought the ruffian, for he dwells in this country; I have sought for him lonesome, toiling days; and I must seek him till I die! (continued the Israelite,) as, though I live for ages! though I live till my very memory fail me, and I forget all—all the past—except the one great agony which drives me forth, a wanderer on the cold face of the earth. I shall live until I meet him who I have cursed in my soul—and strike him to the ground—to avenge the dying anguish of my lost darling in her murderer's blood!

"Hush!" *said I,* grasping his arm; "remember that our God said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!'"

"I do remember it," he answered bitterly; but He told us, also, to 'tread the lion under foot, and tear the teeth from the mouth of the dragon.' This is my mission."

"But I asked, *is this the sole object of your life?* Do you wander forth—old, poor, wretched—to work an unholy vengeance on him who wronged your child, and for no other purpose?"

"Do not call it *unholy?*" replied the Jew. "Heaven will give me the power to fulfil of the bitter, bitter curse that burst from my lips over my girl's dead body! No! no! by the grave of my father, by my hopes of redemption I swear to you that I will never forget my daughter's farewell cry, and I never will forget the fiend who murdered her!"

"But does not that very memory of your past sorrows" I asked, "bring gentle thoughts to your burning breast?"

"Gentler thoughts!" he answered "I tell you I have had no gentle thoughts for years. All tenderness is quenched from me eternally. I know no peace, nor hope, nor rest, save *there* alone," pointing to heaven with his thin hand. As he spoke those melancholy words, he bowed profoundly and passed on his weary way—a lonely wanderer! feeble as a mere child physically, yet morally so strong in purpose. A madness, a horrid longing that must be bootless, and would be inexpressibly culpable if gratified, drove him on unceasingly. In the frantic hope that possessed him, he had almost forgot the intensity of his sorrow. As I said before, a raging fire of vengeance fanned up the *fount of tears within his withered breast!*

A few months after the adventure, I was driving through the country town of L—— early in the morning. There was a great crowd in the market-place, with faces upturned to where the shire gaol lighted its dark and ugly front. Following the direction of the thousand eyes, I soon understood the cause that had drawn the multitude together. A man had just suffered the hideous and disgusting death which, despite our strides in civilization and our comprehension of religion, our legislators still venture to inflict on the felon, and to make a lesson, (heaven knows how evil in effect) to their less enlightened fellows. A quivering form was hanging from a cord in the writhing agonies of death, and from his convulsive tortures the multitude were—to *learn!*—to learn to respect the peace and pity the sufferings of others. From the murmur in the crowd I soon heard all particulars of the culprit.—He was a Frenchman, a noted highwayman, who had recourse to that guilty life after losing his wealth at the gaming table. He was still young; his name was Victor Armand. And so the vengeance of heaven had, at last, been wrought, but the pursuer knew it not. The body of the polluter waved disgracefully in the wind, and the wronged old man still went his lonely way, and still would toil in pursuance of his hopeless purpose, *until his sufferings* should cease beneath the cold soil that his weary feet was treading. For who shall deny this immutable truth? God reserves to himself alone the chastisement of the guilty—the retribution of the ruthless; vengeance belongs to Him—"He will repay."

Adventure of a Bashful "Lover."

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

My dear "Spirit."—The best day in the Week is "Spirit day," and a jolly good day I should have had yesterday if it had only been "cold without," for then I could have laughed without losing flesh. The old saying of "Laugh and grow fat" is a lie, for I assure you every Saturday I laugh until I get tired—and by actual measurement I am generally half a pound lighter on Sunday. Some ill-natured people may possibly insinuate it rises from my having a good wash on Saturday night, but your well known modesty would not allow such an insinuation to obtain for a moment. The "Vegetable Shirt" certainly cost me a quarter pound extra, to say nothing of what I lost by its reminding me of a dilemma into which an old friend of mine once fell.

His name was Danphule—we used to call him "Jackass" for short. Heaven help *me* if he should ever see this story. I hope he don't take the "Spirit." Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk—in fact he was a young man of "great actions"—Jack, one warm day fell in love, he had just graduated at College, and began to think he must seek the ladies society, he was getting to be a man and it looked manly to have a "pouchant." So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most boydenish girl in the square, but how to tell his love, there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch *their* eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone." *Long before the hour fixed upon* by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons—black cassimere pants (and [illegible] being a "leetle" tighter than the skin)—and a spotless vest. The Journal of the day state as an item of information that the thermometer ranged from 72 to 80 degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred. As the hour grew gradually near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the mansion he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting an eye towards the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was 'at home,' and since he had proceeded so far, he'd proceed a little farther, and——leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—he was sure he just only touched it—the darn'd thing needn't make such a "cussed" noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely requested him to walk in, Miss Emily was in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him!

"Oh, Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl, all alone! It was too late to retreat, the *girl had closed the front door, and was pointing the way* to the parlor, where 'Miss Emily was sitting alone.' Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or rather sidled. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice "bidding him welcome, and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed—but he little dreamt of the obstacle Fate had thrown in the way. He knew full well the stream of Love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered not into his calculation. Judge therefore, of his astonishment at being tripped up, almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only 'procured' a tumble, but also a 'compound fracture' of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with a chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not 'setting him forward any,' he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on nettles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. *And on this rock he split, for just at that moment* she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. "What *had* become of it? She was *sure* she had it when *he* came in! It must certainly be *somewhere* about! 'Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Danphule?' Jack was sure that couldn't be so! but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop the coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing "wiper," he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened, and behold there lay—as the lady supposed—her property. It was the work of an instant, to seize the corner and exclaim—"Here it is sir, you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, it's under you," at the same time giving it a long pull. Alas, the *tail* was now told—no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another, and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost 'dry goods,' coupled with the request to "get up sir—you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents—"For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave me my *shirt collar!*"

Head and Tail.

A soldier on sentry duty at an encampment, stabbed a dog with his bayonet, who was set on him by some boys. The owner came up, and was much vexed to see his cur lifeless. "Why couldn't you have struck him with the butt of your gun?" said he. "So I should," replied the sentry, "if the dog had run at me tail foremost."

The Sandwich Islands and their Inhabitants.

Correspondence of the Albany Argus.

HONOLULU, July 17, 1851.

Let me now tell you something about Honolulu. It is situated on a plain on the south side of the Island of Oahu, at the mouth of a magnificent valley called Nersuaner, which extends from one side of the Island to the other, about seven miles. East and West of the town are level plains, one or two miles wide extending from the beach to the mountains, which rise from the plain to the height of 1,000 feet, so abruptly as to be climed with difficulty. East of the town this plain extends to an extinct volcano, called "Diamond Head," about five miles; while to the westward it extends still farther. On the east side of the opening of Nersuaner valley, and directly in the rear of, and one-half mile distant from the town, is another extinct volcano, called "Punch Bowl Hill," the scarred edge of whose crater (about 900 feet in height) is lined with 18 to 24 pounders for the defence of the harbor.

The town contains about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps 1,000 are foreigners, comprising Americans, English, French, Germans, Chinamen, Russians, Lascars, &c. The Chinamen are a shrewd, keen set of fellows, mostly merchants, and dressed as most of them are, in Chinese fashion, the legs of their pantaloons being as large as a woman's petticoats, and with their long queues hanging down their backs, they present to a foreigner an extremely odd appearance. The town is but little elevated above the water. The streets are mostly wide and *straight, and cross each other at right angles.* The houses are a singular mixture—grass houses, coral stone houses, adobe houses and wooden houses being all mingled together in strange confusion. The natural houses are mostly made of upright poles, thatched with grass, somewhat like the thatching of a hamack. Some of them are very large, and as comfortable as any house, except in the rainy season, when they are damp. Adobe houses, too, are common among the natives, though they are going out of fashion, on account of the centipedes which always nestle about them. The best houses are built of coral stone, cut from the reefs at low water. They are of a dirty white color, full of holes and can be cut with an axe to any shape. Houses built of them, as also those built of adobes, are always plastered over outside, which closes the holes, and are then whitewashed. Wooden houses are most common among foreigners.

All the best houses, of whatever material they are built have verandahs, some on one side and some on every side. They keep the house cool by protecting it from the sun. The natives are a fine, manly looking race of men, street and strong, two or three shades lighter in color than a negro, with long straight black hair. Though nearly as illiterate as our negro, they are a far more intelligent race, their native sagacity and quickness of perception giving them a decided superiority. They can all read and write their native language, except the very old ones who had reached middle age before the commencement of schools. Nothing surprised me more than their enormous size at an age when in the United States they would be called children. There is one in my office who translates papers written in the native language for me, who is over six feet high and weighs 184 lbs., though not yet sixteen years of age. So, also, of girls—you would call them sixteen at least, and are told they are but ten.

The chiefs, both male and female, are darker in color and generally larger in body than the common people. One of them, A. Paki, the King's chamberlain, who is often in the office, is nearly seven feet high, and one of the most perfectly formed men I ever saw. M. Kekuanaoa, the Governor of the Island of Oahu, is also a large, noble looking man, of very pleasing manners, and Jas. Y. Kanehoa, the Governor of the Island of Maui, and G. L. Kapeau, Governor of the Island of Hawaii, are both gentlemen, in every sense of the term. Kanehoa speaks English as fluently as his mother tongue, having lived some years in Brooklyn and New York.

About two months ago, Kekauonohi, a lady chief, the grand daughter of Kamehameha 1st, died, and on that occasion, for the first time, I heard the natives wail. She died about 7 o'clock P. M., and instantly there broke upon the stillness of night a sound such as I despair of describing. It became general all over the town in a moment, and continued about three hours, until it was stopped by order of Paki. Her corps lay in state agent six weeks, and was finally committed to the King's tomb on *the 30th of June, with a grand funeral procession,* in which the King's ministers, high chiefs, and government officers generally, (myself among the number,) took their appropriate places. On going to her house, I found the walks inside of the yard covered with fresh cut grass, and the funeral car at the door. The running part of the car was an old 12 lb gun carriage, with its drag ropes all complete—the hearse, or box in which the coffin was placed, stood on four perpendicular posts, morticed into the axle-trees of the carriage, was about seven feet square, and was elevated nearly eighteen inches above the hind wheels, which were full six feet in diameter. After putting the coffin, which was an elegant and highly ornamented one, into the hearse, the procession moved forward towards the stone church, between two lines of natives, holding in their hands red and white flags—the street through which the procession passed being covered with bulrushes, and the car being drawn by natives, to the sound of martial music by a native band. First came four men, bearing "kahilis," which are large quantities of yellow feathers, curiously arranged and fastened on the top of a pole, similar to a flag, and carried in the same manner.

After the kahilis came soldiers, then the Hawaiian flag, then the funeral car, which was followed by the young chiefs, who appeared as chief mourners, each of them wearing a cape of feathers upon their shoulders—then the Hawaiian flag, followed by John Young, the Premier, the King's ministers, the diplomatic corps, the Governors of the islands, Judges and government officers, &c. &c. and a long line of natives bringing up the rear. While the procession was moving

ted from sleeping by heat, as is so often the case in the United States.

The 4th of July was observed by the Americans and Kanaka, by a greater expenditure of fire-crackers than I ever saw at home on a similar occasion. I took a horseback ride during the day up Nenuaner Valley to the "Pali," or precipice on the North side of the Island. The valley is nearly half a mile wide, and the road leads up it, bounded on either side by range of most singular looking mountains. Above a some distance up the sides trees grow, sort of moss certain height they are covered with, and hangs down or lichen, which grows in long are so steep as to the sides of the mountain. The road ascends rapidly defy the feet of a mule. Honolulu, and then becomes for about 4 miles the mountains on each side nearly level, you proceed, until they attain an 1,000 or 2,000 feet above the road. Proceed- ing slowly along, I came to a spot where the val- ley seemed to be closed up, and was wondering what turn the road took next, when, turning a short cor- ner of rock, I was startled at finding myself on the brink of a precipice of about 1,000 feet in height.— My horse, no less startled than his rider, involunta- rily stopped, and after surveying it for a moment, I rode back a short distance to a native house, gave my horse in charge of a Kanaka, and returned on foot to look more leisurely at this stupendous scene. After pausing at the opening for some time to con- template the exquisite beauty of the scene below— which was a level plain of the most delicate green, extending from the foot of the precipice to the Pa- cific, a distance of about 3 miles—I took the road down. It is about ten feet wide, and winds along the face of an almost perpendicular rock, and must have required an immense amount of labor to com- plete it. Horses may be led up and down it, but not rode. I walked down some distance, and saw that the same Pali, or precipice extended for many miles along the north side of the Island. Returning, I soon gained the top, and sat down to take another long look at the scene before me.

On the brink of a precipice 1,000 feet high, with a verdant plain at my feet, and the beautiful Pacific rolling blue in the distance—with mountains on either hand, 2,000 feet above me, on both of which the clouds were pouring down rain, while the bright sun was shining where I sat—formed a combination of the sublime and beautiful, such as until then never passed before my vision, and which he who once sees will never forget. It was in this valley, near the Pali, that Kamehamcha I., who, up to that time had been King of Hawaii only, fought the last great battle which gave him the sovereignty of all the Island. Many of his routed enemies on that occa- sion, having no other means of retreat, precipitated themselves down the Pali, and perished. My friend, John G. Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, who was at this place a few days previous to my visiting it, told me that in all his multifarious wanderings in many lands, he had never seen anything that could com- pare in sublimity or grandeur with the scene, un- less, perhaps, it might be the scenery along some of the mountain woods in Carraccas.

The Kanaka ladies dress themselves in costlier clothing than the ladies at home. Their dresses are made of our finest silks and satins, after the fashion of a woman's night-gown. They wear shoes and stockings when they are full dressed, but about their ordinary work they go barefoot. They live in blessed ignorance of the latest Paris fashions, and if they had them, would not be such consummate fools as to allow their absurd dictates. They have none of the squeamishness of civilization about a spot of dirt or dust on their clothes; for when dress- ed in their best, on a Sunday, they may be seen sit- ting flat down in the dirt, at the sides of the streets. But it is when on horseback that they show to the best advantage to a foreigner. They are passion- ately fond of this exercise, and are fearless riders, driving like Jehu. Imagine a stout fat woman dressed in silks, with wreaths of green leaves hang- ing about her shoulders, a man's straw hat on her head with a wreath of yellow flowers around it in lieu of a ribbon, mounted *astride* of a horse; then imagine a long train of yellow or red silk, the mid- dle of which is fastened to the small of her back, and the ends of which, after passing under her on the saddle, are turned backward in such a manner that when the horse is on the gallop they flutter out in the wind, extending back on each side as far as the horse's tail—and you have a tolerable good idea of a Kanaka lady taking an airing on horseback. Sat- urday afternoons are a sort of holiday with them, and you may then often see twenty of them riding, all in company, through the streets of the town, al- ways on the gallop.

The natives live mostly on raw fish, and a prepar- ation of taro roots, which they call "Poi." The taro is a root much resembling a winter radish, and grows in little patches, called taro patches, which must be flooded with water. Almost the whole opening of Neruaner valley (an extent of 1000 acres) is covered with taro patches, few of which are more than 100 feet square, being separated from each other by a narrow dyke, which serves as a footpath among them. As the water is always running in and out of them, it never becomes stagnant; in fact almost all the taro patches are full of small fish.— They prepare these roots by roasting them and pound- ing them with a stone pounder, until the mass, with the addition of a little water, is about the consist- ency of soft soap; then let it ferment, and it is ready to eat. It is a very nutritious food, easy of diges- tion, and the quantity which a native will eat of it is unconceivable. They eat it with their fingers from large calabashes, which here grow to an enor- mous size. I have seen many of them as large round as a flour barrel, and some of them I have no doubt would hold twenty gallons. The rind, when dry, is about a quarter of an inch thick, and I should think, stronger than any wood of equal thickness. They use them as plates, cups, saucers, water and milk pails, dishes, baskets, and, in fact, for every purpose you can think of.

In fact, everything about the town, its product- ions, its prices, the habits of its people, are anomal- ous. It is a country of strong contrasts; nothing seems to be permanent or settled. To my mind, however, it is perfectly clear that Honolulu is des- tined, at no distant day, to become a great city.— Its situation, equidistant from San Francisco and China, the perfect safety of its little harbor, and the exceedi g fertility of the soil of these islands, all in- dicate that it must ere long become a place of great commercial importance. A few days ago a vessel arrived from Sidney, with the news that rich gold mines had been discovered in New Holland; and, before night, all the flour in the market had changed hands, and five vessels were advertised to sail for the Australian gold mines! With gold on *both sides of us*, I hope we shall be able to get some of it with- out going after it.

Owing to the difficulties between the Hawaiian and French governments, growing out of the duties on brandy imported here, and some other causes, it is not unlikely that the American flag will be hoist- ed here in a few months. There is no doubt *here* that Mr. Allen, U. S. Consul here, was sent home by this government, to ask, in the name of Kame- hameha III., protection against the French, and in case the U. S. government would not, or could not, *otherwise* interfere, to offer to cede the sovereignty of these islands to the U. S., and have them annex- ed to the Union. All classes here are keenly alive to this subject—the Americans *hoping for it*, as the means of greatly increasing the trade of the islands; the English are *in a rage about it*, foreseeing in such a measure a death blow to their commercial interests in the North Pacific. The French men- of-war will be here in three or four months, when, unless there is an American force to prevent it, (which, by the way, we confidentially expect,) they will doubtless enforce their demands against this government, by that most conclusive of all argu- ments, *cannon balls*.

GOLD BY THE TON.—It perhaps would be as well in mentioning the dust shipped by the steamers, in order to save figures, to use another form of expres- sion. The amount of gold dust shipped to the States by the last departure of steamers was 3½ tons. An intelligent gentleman of our acquaintance esti- mates that the next steamers will take about 5 tons.

The above is from the California Post. To show the value of a ton of gold, there are 2240 pounds to the ton, which at 12 ounces to the pound Troy, would make 26,885 ounces, which at $17 an oz. is $456,950. Therfore 5 tons of gold would be $2,- 284,800. It is not usual to reckon the precious mineral by the ton. A ton of silver is in value about $33,000.—*New York Express.*

☞ The Woodville (Miss.) Cotton Factory is said to be turning out 38,000 yards of cotton cloth per week. Four thousand spindles are constantly employed. The capital invested is $75,000; profits about 50 per cent., and the number of operatives is generally 125, at a cost of $1,25 per week.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1. 1851.

Footing up the Tables.

We have the official returns of the whole State for Governor, except Green, and that reported, and the ma- jority for Col. BIGLER is about 8,300! For Canal Com- missioner and Supreme Judges the returns are by no means complete, but Clover's majority will be somewhat more than Bigler's, whereas four of the candidates for the Supreme Court must be content with something less, and the fifth, Campbell, with a defeat. In the House, we have 56 members, the Whigs 39, and 5 natives, who may as well be classed with the Whigs, for they are no- thing else. The Senate stands 16 to 16 and one Native, giving the Whigs one majority.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we find in the Pittsburgh *Post* an official table of all the votes cast for the various State offices. According to this table, the majority for Col. Bigler is 8,469; that of Clover 10,986; that of Coulter over Campbell; 6,634. The whole number of votes for Col. Bigler was 186,402; for Wm. F. John- ston 177,933; for Seth Clover 186,997; and for John Strohm 174,011. We presume this will not vary much from the official statement that will be issued from Har- risburg, we will therefore insert it in our next. It was received too late for this week.

Virginia Election.

The election in Virginia for members of Congress and for the adoption of rejection of the New Constitution sub- mitted to the people, has resulted, as we supposed it would, in an overwhelming Democratic victory. The New Constitution is adopted by something like five to one, while the Congressional Delegation will stand just as it did in the last Congress—13 Democrats, and 2 whigs. Well done for the "Old Dominion!"

Another Proclamation.

Mr. President Fillmore, not having the bloody conse- quences of his Cuba proclamation before his eyes, has issued a similar one in regard to the Revolution now in progress in Northern Mexico. His pretext is that he has received information that a company of Texans had been organized and marched into Mexico, and that new enlist- ments were progressing for the purpose of aiding the in- surrectionary movement in the northern part of that Re- public. His Proclamation warns all persons who shall connect themselves with any such enterprise, in vi- olation of the laws and national obligations of the United States, that they will thereby subject themselves to the heavy penalties denounced against such offenders; and that, if they should be captured within the jurisdiction of the Mexican authorities, they must expect to be tried and punished according to the laws of Mexico, and will have no right to claim the interposition of this Government in their behalf. The Proclamation further calls upon all well disposed citizens, who have at heart the reputation of their country, and are animated with a just regard for its laws, its peace and its welfare, to discountenance, and by all lawful means, prevent any such enterprise; and upon every officer of the Government, civil or military, to be vigilant in arresting for trial and punishment, every such offender.

What Col. Bigler's election does not Show.

The Pittsburgh *Post*, in an article headed "The Late Election," claims, among other things which the re- sult has "shown," "that the Hon. James Buchanan is the choice of a great majority of the people of the State for President in 1852." Without pretending to say whether the gentleman named is or is not the choice of a large majority of the people of the State for the high office of President in 1852, we most respectfully beg leave to say that in our opinion the election just held has "shown" nothing of the kind. And we may further add, the per- son who thus publicly makes such a claim cannot be a very discreet friend to say the least of Mr. Buchanan or Col. Bigler. If Mr. Buchanan is the "choice of a great majority of the people of the State," he does not require the aid of such a *false* claim to make it mani- fest;—and if he is not the choice indicated, his friends do but show his real weakness by advancing, as evidence in the case, a result which, by no possible construction, can be tortured into proof of the position assumed. How does the result of the recent election "show that Mr. Buchanan is the choice of a great majority of the people of the State for President in 1852?" Not by the election of Col. Bigler, certainly! He was nominated by the acclama- tion of the entire party—not by Buchanan men merely, but by Cass men, and Houston men, and Douglass men, who are equally members of the Democratic party, and who are determined not to stand by calmly and see a nomination and an election to which they all equally contributed their voice and votes to achieve, construed by indiscreet partisans to the advantage of either of the gentlemen named. It may be said Col. Bigler is a Bu- chanan man, hence his election is an endorsement of *his* preference. The Editor who advances such a proposi- tion seriously, is either a knave or a fool. The Demo- cracy of Pennsylvania did not vote for Col. Bigler's in- dividual or private notions of men, but for Col. Bigler as the champion of the great measures of the Democrat- ic party in general, and the Compromise measures of the last Congress in particular. Mr. Buchanan and the next Presidency were not mentioned either in the Convention that nominated Col. Bigler, or by that gentleman in his speeches before the people. How, then, *his* election "has shown that the Hon. James Buchanan is the choice of a great majority of the people of the State for Presi- dent in 1852," is a proposition beyond the ken of our phi- losophy. So far as the next Presidency is concerned Col. Bigler's election proves nothing, except that with a popular candidate—one that has no "enemies to punish" in his own political household—Pennsylvania can be carried by the Democracy in 1852. It proves further, perhaps, that without such candidate the State is as sure- ly whig as even Massachusetts herself. Whether Mr. Buchanan is that candidate or not, is a question we do not intend to discuss in this article—we might, perhaps, show, to our satisfaction at least, that he is not; but whether he is, or is not, one thing is evident, the elec- tion of Col. Bigler does not prove that he is.

☞ As an item of the signs of the times, we notice the *Commercial*, of this city, is disposed to follow in the wake of the Harrisburg *American* and other woolly-head whig papers, and lay Johnston's defeat at the door of Mr. Fill- more. We are sorry to see this, for we may have to re- deem our promise, and defend the Administration when *it is right*. There is an evident desire among the woolly heads to Tylerize the Administration, and if they were more numerous we are not sure but they might succeed. As it is, we prophesy that, as the pap is all on one side, the party will stay there also.

☞ THAT FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.—*The Boston Cou- rier* has "the best reason for believing that the whole sto- ry that a very spirited rebuff has been given by our Gov- ernment to certain diplomatic interferences of the British and French Governments, on the subject of Cuba, is en- tirely groundless." As the Hon. Secretary of State is in Boston at present, it is not improbable that he is the au- thority for the contradiction. It certainly appeared a little singular that the receipt of an important communication from either Government is mentioned should have been kept from the public ear as long as the statements of the Washington correspondents indicated. Matters really requiring secrecy—as the one in question did not—are pretty sure to be ferreted out by the enterprising writers from the Capitol almost as soon as they assume anything like form, and frequently before their propositions are fully developed.

☞ A NUISANCE ABATED.—The Harrisburg *Daily A- merican* has been discontinued. Mr. MCCURDY, its pro- prietor, in announcing this event, says; "the whig party of the State has been prostrated by the efforts of treach- erous friends, and there is nothing in the present condi- tion of the party to justify the risk and expense of publish- ing a whig daily paper at the seat of government."— We are heartily glad to hear it; for a more unscrupulous, violent, and abusive partisan sheet never was issued, even in the olden time when the biggest blackguard was ac- counted the best political editor.

The Sierra Madre Republic—"Manifest Destiny."

It did not take a very learned or a very astute philoso- pher, we apprehend, to make the discovery and publish it to the world, that "this is a great country," and has quite a respectable number of "people to the acre." For it is indeed great in every point of view; but if half the projects to enlarge its extent, that each succeeding day brings to light be successful, *it will without doubt* be much "greater," and the consequent increase of the num- ber of "people to the acre" considerably augmented. The Cuban enterprise having been laid, for a time, on the shelf, and the excitement consequent thereto abated, the attention of the excitable public is now being drawn to another expedition of similar character, having for its object the formation of a new Republic out of the Northern States of Mexico, to be called the Sierra Madre Republic. As long ago as last August, and before we had heard such a movement hinted at in the newspapers, a correspondent of ours upon the Rio Grande wrote us concerning it, and prophesied that ere his letter reached us the tele- graph wires would inform us of the breaking out of the Revolution. His surmise was very nearly correct, for soon after the announcement came of the rising of Cara- vajal; but owing to the Cuba excitement the movement did not obtain as much importance as it perhaps deserv- ed. The attention of the country is now, however, being drawn to it, and the newspapers are full of discussions as its ultimate probable result. Indeed, President Fillmore has deemed it his duty to issue a proclamation (the Pre- sident is prolific of such documents, by the by,) warning and forbidding our citizens from embarking in it. If, however, half we read in the newspapers is correct, his proclamation is too late in the day to save the dismem- berment of Mexico and prevent the establishment of the Sierra Madre Republic. The St. Louis *Union* thinks that although the project is said "to be gotten up by Mex- icans themselves, headed by Caravajal and a few more like him, who was dissatisfied with the present Republic of Mexico, under the Government of President Arista, *yet the real facts indicate that Americans, mainly, are at the bottom of this movement.* It reasons thus from the fact that a secret and powerful Association, formed in the South during the war with Mexico, called the "Buffalo Hunters," by some, the "Ossel Owls," by others, is still in the full tide of existence and experiment on the borders of Mexico, in Texas, New-Mexico and Lou- isiana. This Association, it is now stated, *numbers sev- eral thousand members, and has its branches even in the heart of the Mexican country, now in a state of revolt.* Those who ought to know a great deal about the matter, assert that *this secret Association owes its existence to men in high standing in the United States*, and although pru- dence dictates to some of these persons, at the present time, a disclaimer against the Society, yet history, to be truthful, in regard to the origin of the "Ossel Owls," would fix it upon distinguished American citizens. At all events, this Society is still in existence, and still de- termined to do what it can in carrying out the first great object, a dissolution of the present Mexican Republic, and and a new and separate Republic for the northern States of Mexico."

If this is correct, then, and we see no reason to doubt it, we may expect at no distant day to have this new Re- public, like Texas, knocking at our door for annexation; and if we mistake not, the proposition will not meet with half the opposition vouchsafed to the former. The press, the politicians and the people, have all began to talk and act sensible on the question of the extension of territory. At first it was an outrageous innovation—a species of na- tional piracy, for which the Union ought to be hung, drawn and quartered; but like the *venerable matron's* ools, a couple of trials at annexation by purchase pre- pared the way for Texas, and now we are much mista- ken if the road is not prepared for the Sierra Madre Re- public, because, like the aforesaid ools, we are 'used to it.' Besides it is "Manifest Destiny" that "no post-up Utica" shall "contract our powers" for the "whole boundless continent" ought to be, and undoubtedly will be, "ours."

Upon this point we like the philosophy and reasoning of the New York *Times*. It says, in speaking of the proclivity of the American people for annexation, "it is thus that civilization advances. Rome civilized Europe by conquering it. She robbed barbarians of territory which they neglected, and planted upon it a new and better culture. England has conquered, colonized and civilized vast regions of Asia, which, but for her rob- beries, would have rested in the depths of barbarism. The only key that could ever open China to Christian civilization was the English cannon. American pilgrim Fathers drove the Indians away from their own soil, and undertook to cultivate it in their stead, which they have done to some purpose. So we have crowded out, or driv- en out, the aboriginal nations from all the region now held by the United States, and the world is better off therefor. Our operations in Northern Mexico and Cuba belong to the same category, though they take a some- what different form. We are likely to colonize, conquer and annex them. The world will cry out against our disregard of law and of honest dealing. The earth will nevertheless turn steadily on its axis—the twentieth cen- tury will dawn, and a Continent will rejoice in countless blessings, the *fruit* of these American *novelties* which disturb our peace."

If this is the sentiment entertained towards future an- nexation by a paper like the *Times*, the Editor of which belongs to that school of politicians that opposed the an- nexation of Texas to the "bitter end," the road of the re- *volutionists in Northern Mexico* is plain before them.— They have but to "conquor a *piece*," and demand ad- mission into the Union, and *it will be* granted. Perhaps the *Times* thinks "what we can't cure" we had better make the best of, and is determined not to be caught on the unpopular side of the question again, as in the Texas affair. But, as we have before intimated, we opine there are a great many more of those who opposed Texas of the same way of thinking. They have since taken a philosophical view of the matter and arrived at the con- clusion, as every thinking man will, that absorption is one of the natural properties of a great and prosperous government like ours;—hence, as it *is its* "manifest des- tiny" to go on, as it has commenced, from one acquisi- tion to another until the "whole boundless continent" is under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, any future opposition serves only to delay what in the end is inevita- ble.

☞ THE TARIFF AND IMMIGRATION.—Seeing that Penn- sylvania has so emphatically rebuked the Tariff humbug attempted to be revived at the recent election, it may be rather late to note some of the fallacies of its advocates; nevertheless as some of the protectionist papers have set up a claim for the tariff of 1842, that, by maintaining a higher standard of wages at home it encouraged a larger foreign immigration into the country than a low tariff, thus promoting the sale and settlement of our unoccupied do- main, we cannot forbear refuting it, even if it is a little after the election. The New York Journal of Commerce opposes to this claim statistics, showing up the whole thing in a nutshell. It presents the immigration at that port in each year of the high tariff of 1842, and contrasts with each year of the moderate tariff of 1846, as follows:

Tariff of 1842.		Tariff of 1846.	
Year.	*No. of Immigrants.*	*Year.*	*No. of Immigrants.*
1842,	74,949	1847,	166,110
1843,	46,302	1848,	191,909
1844,	61,002	1849,	221,799
1845,	82,960	1850,	226,267
1846,	115,230	1851, thus far	231,323
Total in 5 years	380,443	Total in 5 years, less 3 months,	1,037,498

Thus (says the Journal of Commerce) in nine months of the present year, the immigration has been more than double that of the highest year under the tariff of 1842. In five years under the new tariff, (making allowance for the deficient three months,) the immigration has been nearly *treble* that of the five years during which the tariff of 1842 enriched the few at the expense of the many.

☞ THAT GOOD TIME COMING.—The *Pennsylvanian* says Gov. Johnston's organ, the Harrisburg *Daily Amer- ican*, is out bitterly against Webster, Fillmore, Cooper, and others, as the direct cause of Johnston's defeat in this State! The article is filled with the same abolition and free soil poison so bitterly denied during the late con- test. The *North American*, takes nearly the same ground, and adds to its denunciation an attack upon the *Inquirer* and the *News*, its contemporaries in the same party in Philadelphia.

LOCAL AND GENERAL ITEMS.

☞ The weather in this vicinity the past week has been a mixture. Some rain, some snow, some hail, some sunshine, a good deal of wind, and, under foot, a small sprinkling of mud.

☞ We learn from the *Gazette* that Mr. JOSIAH WHIT- COMB, formerly Sergeant of the Marines, on board the U. S. Steamer Michigan, was one of the fifty Cuban patri- ots, Shot at Havanna, on the 16th of August. He leaves a wife and two children in this city.

☞ A little the nicest place to indulge in a dish of oys- ters, raw, stewed or fried, is Harris' Washington Lunch, just opened in the Reed House. The proprietor has a peculiar faculty of getting things up neat; and the *taste* he displays in the arrangement of his rooms, is a sure sign he can hit the *taste* of his customers. Give him a call, if for nothing else but to see what a person can do with "pine boards and paper."

☞ We learn from the *Gazette* that the whigs are about getting up a Brass Band. This movement reminds us of that youthful musician who set up a lively whistle in go- ing through a grave yard in the night, to keep his cour- age up. The recent election has proved a perfect grave yard to whig hopes, and now they are going to have a lit- tle music to keep their courage up. We suggest the first piece they perform be the "Johnston Quick Step."

☞ The Genesee Farmer, one of the best and cheap- est Agricultural papers in the country, is to be greatly improved and enlarged at the commencement of its thir- teenth volume, January 1st 1852. The proprietors say it will be printed on new type, better paper, illustrated with more costly engravings, and be one-third larger than at present, each number containing thirty-two in- stead of twenty-four pages, without any increase of price. The price is 50 cents a year, or 5 copies for $2, 8 copies for $3, and any larger number at the same rate.

To be Contested.

We learn the election of Samuel Perley, to the office of Prothonotary of this county, is to be contested, and that the necessary papers, to that effect, have been filed in the proper office. The grounds set forth by the 30 pe- titioners (the apostolic "12" have been enlarged it will be seen,) are substantially, that, as the votes cast were for "Prothonotary" only, there is no person elected Clerk of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, Quarter Sessions, and Orphan's Court; hence the "30 lawful citizens" afore- said pray the Court to declare the office vacant. Wheth- er this move will succeed or not we do not know, but its object is apparent on the face. The gentlemen who have heretofore ruled this county are not satisfied with the de- cision of the people at the late election, and are seeking some hole through which they can shove the present in- cumbent of the Prothonotary's office into that snug little birth for another year. *Perhaps* they will succeed!

☞ The Editor of the *Gazette* asserts that Miles tickets "were not printed at all" at that office, with or without the knowledge or consent of the proprietors. How a per- son can be so positive as to a matter of which he has no knowledge, is not so plain—however, as our cotemporary is thus positive, we suppose we must give in.

ARTISTS' UNION.—We again call the attention of our readers to the "Artists' Union of Cincinnati." The time is rapidly approaching at which the paintings will be dis- tributed, and those who wish to be participants should secure tickets immediately. Benjamin Grant, Honora- ry Secretary for Erie. Tickets $5 00, which secures to the subscribers two magnificent engravings, and a chance in the drawings.

☞ Among the members of the next Legislature, we are pleased to notice the name of J. ELLIS BONHAM, Esq., of Cumberland. Mr. B. is a Democrat after our own heart, and by his services and talents, last winter, placed himself at the very head of his party in the House. "Old mother Cumberland" has reason to be proud of her rep- resentative.

☞ The township of Beninger, in Elk county, is one of the townships "you read of," it having polled 164 votes for Bigler and Clover, and 163 votes for each of the Democ- ratic candidates for Judges of the Supreme Court; where- as, opposite the names of each of the Whig candidates, from W. F. Johnston, down, there is an ominous little word spelt thus—"n-o-n-e."

☞ MAKING ASSES OF THEMSELVES.—Senatorial digni- taries are in bad odor just now in this State. While a portion of the whig press are denouncing Mr. Senator Cooper like a pick-pocket, a portion of the Democratic press, headed by the *Pennsylvanian*, are down on Mr. Senator Broodhead like a "thousand of brick." Both parties are undoubtedly making asses of themselves, a fact they will most likely discover before they are a year older. By the by, had'nt both these denouncing fag-ends better unite and form a party of their own. It would pos- sess one quality they are undoubtedly striving to obtain for the party with which they are now connected—it would be "conveniently small."

☞ Some of the Southern Whig papers are "awfully given to lying," just about these days. For instance, the Louisville *Courier*, in noticing Johnston's defeat, declares that "*so far as Mr. Bigler is concerned*, he is *really* more of a Free-soiler than *Governor Johnston*." Such a false- hood as this may do in Kentucky, but here where the facts are known, it only creates a smile at the ignorance or stupidity it displays. Again, the same veracious Ed- itor, in speaking of the Ohio Election, says:—"The West- ern Reserve, which, in times past, was so overwhelmingly whig, has now, *under the lead of Giddings and in con- firmation* with the bargain made between the Free Soil- ers and the Locos, gone strongly for the Locofoco-Abo- lition ticket. Ashtabula county, for instance, gives Wood 700 majority." Certainly, this writer knew that there was no bargain in Ohio between the Democrats and some of the newspapers on the result of the recent elect- Abolitionists. So far from it, that each party, Whig, ions. "I never saw *such* a party be the whigs," said a Democrats and Free Soilers, had separate tickets; a fellow who was a little discouraged the other night in a that so far from Ashtabula county giving 700 *majo-* bar-room. "In Pennsylvania they went the free-soil for Wood, that number of votes was *all* he received in dodge, and were beaten; in Ohio they went the other the county—the balance, some 4000, being divided be- tack, and were beaten; in Massachusetts they are trying tween Vinton, whig, and Lewis, free-soiler. both tacks, and sure as I live they will be beaten there! Never did I see such a party!"

☞ The Editor of the Fredonia *Censor* says "can no longer shut his eyes to the *pint* of our re*rks*"— which remarks, by the by, were contained in a part bot- tle we sent him, filled with amber colored li*r*, and la- belled "Woolly-head Consolation, Johnst* receipt." Now, we submit to our mutual friend of Fredonia *Advertiser*, if he of the *Censor* has not m* a mistake —he certainly meant *mouth* instead of "*."

☞ A FIT PLACE FOR SUCH A DEED.—It appears that the spot where the late negro outrage was committed, Chris- tiana, Lancaster county, Pa., was very appropriate for such a deed, and had already an esta*ished reputation. An exchange says of it:—"The pla*ere occured the late outrage in Lancaster county, w* the worst tory hole in the county during the revolut*. It was from this very point of the 'Gap Hills,' th* tories conducted the surprise of Gen. Wayne's c* at Paoli, where they, amidst the night and darkness, *assacred nearly all his brave troops. From the sam* int poisoned flour was supplied to the American t*s while good flour was furnished the British troop*

☞ The Bachelor Editor of the *Gazette* recommends "public marriages," and s* "it is the pleasantest po- sition imaginable when* get into it." This may be, and undoubtedly is all t* but how a bachelor should be able to speak so positi* a query with several young ladies.

☞ The circulatio* the N. Y. *Times*—the advent of which, into the *p*aper world, we noticed some time since—had re*ed 12,500 last week, and steadily is increasing at a rat* about 200 a day. It contains a great amount of o*al matter, and is, on the whole, an excellent paper, *ng its politics, which are a little too much tinctured *woolly head whigery.

☞ A CLERGYMAN SENTENCED FOR FORGERY.—In the Municipal C* at Boston, on Monday, Rev. Benj. S. Corbett, a *yman of the Baptist persuasion, was con- victed of *ing two deeds for the conveyance of land, in the nam* his *father-in-law*, Robt. Thompson. Sen- tenced *ryears' hard labor in State Prison, the first three *s in solitary confinement.

SIFTINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

WITH EDITORIAL DASHES BY A FREE PENS.

☞ Snow fell in Warren on Sunday evening last an inch or more in depth.

☞ "Johnston's Quick Step" is the title of a new piece of music just published in Philadelphia. We suppose it is to set to the tune of 8,000 majority.

☞ Negro minstrelsy is the most profitable business in New York. Mr. Christy states his receipts, for the past year, to have been $57,000.

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, stated on authority, that there is at the present time more of an Irish population in the United States of America than there is in Ireland itself.

☞ It is computed that one hundred and fifty poetical "welcomes to Kossuth" have already been written, and that by the time he lands the number will have run up to 25,000.

☞ MORE HUMBUG.—P. T. Barnum, the Bridgeport Standard says, will be nominated for next Governor of Connecticut by the Temperance, and also by the Dem- ocratic party of that State.

☞ The clipper-yacht America is now manned with a new crew, and is undergoing some alterations, prepar- atory to her sailing, with her owner on board, for the Mediterranean.

☞ The Indians give each other some very significant names. Lieut. Hooper of the Arctic Expedition, found a woman at fort Simpson whose name is "Thirty-six tongues," and very appropriately named at that.

YOUNG EMIGRANTS.—A little boy and girl, the former 8 years old, and the latter 5, arrived in Utica a few days ago, having come from Ireland alone. They had been sent for by their mother who resides in Utica.

☞ The Louisville Sunday *Varieties* is going to be published daily—that is, the editor is going to turn every day of the week into a *Sunday*, just for the sake of the *Varieties*.

☞ The New York Tribune states that one bank in Wall street had 666,000 of notes and acceptances mature on Saturday, every dollar of which was promptly met.— The payments into bank on that day are estimated at up- wards of $3,000,000.

☞ THANKSGIVING.—The Governors of Maine, Penn- sylvania, Ohio and New Jersey, has appointed Thursday the 27th of November as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. The same day is being generally fixed upon in all the States.

☞ The young whigs of New York dont much like their party name; so they adorn it by calling themselves "democratic whig young men." The word democratic is to them what a dickey is to a fellow without a shirt; it keeps up appearances.

☞ A late number of the London Times says that "Great Britain has received more ingenious inventions from the United States, through the Exhibition, than from all other sources." The *Times* is the paper which, early in the season, ridiculed so unsparing the American department of the Exhibition.

☞ HARD TO PLEASE.—The Collector at New Orlea* was removed *for paying no attention whatever* to Pre- dent Fillmore's Cuban Prolamation, and Mr. Cor* Owen has been removed for *obeying it to the letter*! A most capricious master is President Fillmore.

☞ Our neighbor of the *Gazette* and the M'Kea*ews* have been fortunate enough to secure some of the pap of the Fillmore Administration, in the shape of *e* ad- vertisement for mail lettings. Well, as H*y Clay would say, we have no objections, on the c*rary, are glad to see it.

IMPORTANT.—The Mercer *Whig* was "well prepared" for Johnson's defeat, but says nev*eless it will "submit to the expressed will of the pe*le." The edi- tor of the *Whig* being disposed to "*mit," we presume there will be no further objection to Lionel Bigler's be- ing Governor.

☞ One of our exchanges tel* of a duel that was fought between two women in Ch*enectady, on Wed- nesday. Weapons—powder cr*ers; distance—across the room. During the muss, *e of the ladies, we regret to say, got "blowed up" by h husband, who told her to go home, or he would throw he pantry at her head.

☞ Some one very co*tly, in these modern days, defines "Philanthropist," as a gentleman who thinks he stones for a long life of *rtion, by leaving a hundred thousand dollars to h* "moral handkerchers" for the use of the benighted *izens of Timbuctoo. He lives by cheating his fellow *izens—while he dies in the hope that he can cheat *d.

☞ Here is *e evidence of "ruin." The Atlantic Company, La*nce, Massachusetts, have just started a new mill, driv* fifteen thousand spindles; and the Es- sex Compan* in the same city, are now surveying the ground for *new mill, (supposed to be for the manufac- ture of de*es,) to be located between the Atlantic and Bay Stat* corporations.

☞ PIT STOCK.—Since the elections in Pennsylva- nia an* Ohio—the only States in which whig conven- tions *e declared for Gen. Scott for the Presidency— the *ott stock" has experienced an awful decline.— It *s disappeared nearly altogether from the political boa*. Our whig friends in this State, who invested lar*ly, will, we fear, be compelled to go into liquida- *.

☞ Here is one of the many good things got off by

☞ Good SPOT FOR INDIGANT FARMERS.—The Lake Superior Journal says, that every acre of cleared land in the copper region around Sant Ste. Marie will pay, the first year, the entire expense of clearing and cultivating. Miners, as a class, know little or nothing about farming, and their wants have to be supplied by farmers some- where. At present these supplies come from Cleveland and Detroit at great expense.

☞ A letter has been addressed to Robert Tyler, at Philadelphia, by a Committee of Baltimoreans, requesting him to assist them in efforts to procure the liberation of Smith O'Brien and the other Irish exiles. Mr. Tyler, in reply, indicated his readiness to enter into the work with the proper zeal, and reminds his correspondents that he has already made several *indirect efforts* to "procure the intervention of our Government in their behalf."

☞ A FALSE PROPHET.—The Boston *Transcript* says: The queerest prediction we remember to have seen about this country was that made by one Col. Grant, in the House of Commons, shortly before the news of the bat- tle of Bunker's Hill was received in England. The Col- onel declared that he had served in America, and he was fully persuaded that "the Americans would not fight.— They made great pretentions to religion—sang psalms— and talked politics—but they were arrant cowards, and would prove themselves such, in the event of any colli- sion with the British forces."

☞ TERRIBLE FRIGHT.—The Cleveland Plaindealer relates a story of one Alex. Garrett, who was driving into that city the other morning with a little French pony, a buggy, and a dead hog for market. Just as he was ap- proaching the railroad track, the locomotive came along, chuh, chuh, chuh! Away went pony in a terrible fright, turning short off the road, and jumping, hog, buggy, Al- eck and all, over the bank, down through the roof, and through the upper floor of a small wooden building be- low. There lay the group, to the consternation of all around, but to none more so than "Eleck," who at first thought his pony was as dead as his hog. At last advi- ces he was looking up a lawyer to sue the Railroad.

THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS.—The Conneaut *Re- porter* is thankful for small favors, politically. It is thank- ful the "election returns from the Keystone are more fa- vorable to the Whigs than it anticipated." We wonder *what* it "anticipated." It is thankful the Whigs have *one* majority *in the Senate*, and that *one* is a "Native;" whereas last year they had something more than that. It is thankful the Whigs "have elected one of the Su- preme Judges, Coulter," and he is a Democrat, and oc- cupies a seat upon the Bench now by virtue of a com- mission from Gov. Shunk. He also received some 25 votes in our nominating convention last June. It is thankful Col. Bigler's majority is *only* a little over 8000 in a poll larger than that of 1848, when Taylor carried the State by 15,000! Altogether we think the *Reporter* is thankful for small favor. Perhaps, however, its party get such an awful thrashing in Ohio that its defeat here looks like a victory.

☞ PRESIDENTIEL CONVENTION.—A Convention of all the citizens of Massachusetts who are favorable to the nomination of Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER to the Presidency, is called at Faneuil Hall on the 25th November next.— The call is signed by residents in every county in the State, and published in the Boston Papers.

☞ On Tuesday next New York elects eight State of- cers, a Legislature, and the several county officers. Both parties appear to be pretty well united, though we think the Democracy have the inside track. Of this, however, we are not certain, as politics are everywhere somewhat uncertain, and in New York particularly so. We hope for the best, however!

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult. by E. W. Gerrish, Esq., Mr. LAFAY- ETT LAMPSON, of M'Kean and Miss ELIZABETH KING- LEY, of Franklin.

In Venango on the 14th inst., by Dyer Loomis Esq., Mr WM. H. REYNOLDS, and Miss HARRIET C. YOST, daughter of James Yost.

In Venango on the 8th inst., by the Rev. G. H. Rice, Mr. DAVID DUNCOM, of Amity, and Miss ELIZA FRITTS, of the former place.

In Waterford, by the Rev. Chas. E. Diver, on the 22d ult., Mr. GEO. W FAIRCHILD, and Miss ELIZA KIMBALL.

By the same, on the 13th, inst., Mr. AMOS BURROWS, and Miss SIDNEY ALLEN, of Waterford.

By the same on the 16th inst., Mr. LAMAN STEVENS, and Miss ROSA M. BURKE.

On the 21st inst., by the Rev. James F. Read, Mr. ABRAHAM LOCKE, of Allegheny township, Venango Co. and Miss MARIA S. ALLEN of Cambridge township, Crawford Co.

In this city, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Sharman, Mr. CHARLES BRIGGS and Miss SARAH SLOCUM.

DIED.

In this city, on Saturday night last, after a short illness, Mrs. RUSSEL REED, consort of the late C. J. Reed, of Millcreek township, aged 72 years.

On the 24th inst., in this city, MARY, wife of Joseph Abell, aged 66.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Erie County Medical Society will be held on Tuesday next, November 4th, at 10 o'clock, P. M. in the American Hotel. A. BEEBE, Pres't.
A. G. STUART, Rec. Sec. Nov. 1

Fresh Groceries.

WE are now rece

Dreadful Marine Disaster—Total Wreck of the Propeller "Henry Clay" and Loss of all on board but one Man.

The propeller *Henry Clay*, Capt. George Callard, left Cleveland on the night of Wednesday the 22nd instant with a cargo of flour and wool for Ogdensburgh. On the morning of the 23d she put into Malden for wood, and proceeded on her trip with a strong wind blowing and a heavy sea on. Towards evening the gale increased and the propeller made but little headway. About twelve o'clock at night on Thursday, the 23d, while off Long Point, Canada, David Keefe, second wheelsman, was at the wheel. It was the first mate's watch, but Captain Callard, who had been up all night, was on deck, many of the hands having turned in for rest. The jib was up and the helm hard down, when of a sudden the propeller broached to and rolled over on one side in the trough of the sea. David Keefe was thrown, by the suddenness of the lurch, on to the other wheelsman against the side of the wheelhouse. The first thing he felt after the sudden broaching, was the sensation of the vessel going over on her side, and he heard the Captain's voice, calling loudly on the men to get the anchor out and the vessel's head to the wind. He left the wheelhouse to assist in casting over the anchor, and found that no person could stand upon deck in consequence of its slanting position. It was found impossible to cast anchor, and in making the attempt a hand was washed overboard off of the forward deck. In going over he caught hold of a fender rope; and hung on until the mate and Keefe, having thrown him a line, dragged him on deck through the port hole. The vessel lay rolling in the trough of the sea for about twenty minutes, all efforts to right her proving unavailing.

There was one female passenger on board, who got on at Cleveland, but we could not ascertain her name. Capt. Callard, finding all efforts to right the vessel fruitless; lashed the female and himself to the jib stay, which runs to the foot of the upper deck, and gave orders to the crew to lash themselves were they could to the rigging. They did so, and Keefe, the survivor, made himself fast to a piece of rope hanging down at the side. In about ten minutes after they were lashed, the deck and cabins all came out and were washed over. Immediately the noise of the parting deck was heard, all hands endeavored to free themselves from their fastenings, and two of the firemen lowered the boat and jumped in, but were not again seen. They were doubtless immediately swamped by the waves. Keefe relieved himself and ran forward. He saw Capt. Callard, himself still fastened to the rigging, endeavoring to release the female, but at that moment deck, cabins and everything loose went overboard, and Keefe jumped in among a quantity of floating flour barrels and pieces of the wreck. Immediately she parted, the hull keeled right over toward the shore, bottom up, dragging down to a watery grave all who were fastened to the rigging.

After jumping overboard, Keefe came in contact with a portion of the pilot house deck, about twenty feet long, to which he clung by his hands and arms, with his legs and body in the water. He found ten others holding on in the same manner, among whom were the first mate, and first and second engineers. No one spoke but the first engineer and he counted the heads and said there were ten on the wreck. It was about two o'clock when the deck parted, and in about fifteen minutes the second engineer dropped his head as if in a doze, and soon loosing his hold rolled off into the water. The first engineer went off in that manner in ten minutes afterwards. Not a word was spoken, and the poor fellows who were washed off seemed to fall into a doze, and the survivors could see them distinctly as they rolled off into the sea.

When daylight came, three only were left clinging to the deck—David Keefe, the first mate and the first wheelsman. They were much exhausted, but managed to get on to the wreck to which they clung, and to hang on to a piece of railing, and an iron spike which they found floating by them, and with which they formed a kind of mast by sticking it into the stove pipe hole in the deck. Without this they could not have remained on the wreck, and around it the three survivors clung. After they had somewhat rallied, the mate found a piece of floating carpet, which he secured, and with which they made a temporary sail, fastening it to two nails in the top of the pole, and holding the other end in their hands.

About 8 o'clock, a vessel came in sight, about ten miles off. She did not see the wreck, however until she got close by, when she ran close in and cast out two ropes to the men. Keefe caught the rope that fell near him, having previously seen his two companions make a grab at the other and miss it. He clung to the rope with his hands and was immediately dragged from the raft. In this condition, clinging only by his hands to the rope and after all the exertions he had previously undergone, he was absolutely towed a quarter of a mile through the water, before he could be got safely on deck.—When rescued his strength was just failing him.

At this time the wind was blowing a gale and the sea ran very high, rendering it impossible for the brig, which was old, to put back or attempt to rescue the two men left on the wreck. Keefe did not, therefore, see his companions again, although he believes he could distinguish the raft with the sail still up. They were in good spirits and in possession of their faculties when he left the wreck, and there is a good chance, we believe, of their escape. The wind was blowing towards the shore, and they could make about a mile an hour. They were about four miles from land between the point and the cut, and we are informed by the most experienced seamen, that there is no current at that point to divert the course of the raft.

The brig landed David Keefe at Grand River, Canada. The survivor is a single man about 21 years of age, and had been aboard the propellor since the 23d July. Capt. Callard is an old citizen of Buffalo, much respected and beloved, and leaves a wife and two children to mourn his unhappy fate. He has seen much service, having been an officer in the Texan navy, and is widely known as the Inventor of the signal lantern for distinguishing vessels at sea, now used by our navy and merchant vessels. He was part owner of the *Henry Clay*.

The following are the names of those lost as far as ascertained:

George Callard, Captain, Buffalo; Orestes Root, clerk, of Black River; Edward Phillips, first engineer, of Cleveland; Henry C. Baldwin, second engineer, of Black River; R. E. Dowd, first mate, Euclid; John Ripley, wheelsman, from Canada; Peter Green deck hand, residence unknown.

In addition to these, there were on board the ill-fated vessel, the 2d mate, two firemen, a wheelsman several deck hands, a cook, a waiter, and a lady, whose names we could not learn.—*Buff. Republic.*

From Northern Mexico—Progress of the Revolution.

Advices from the Rio Grande to Oct. 16th have been received by telegraph, which represents the revolutionary leader Carvajal as within ten miles of Matamoras, with 1100 men, including 400 Texan rangers and one company made up of discharged U. S. troops. On the 18th inst., it was expected he would attack the town.

The latest news by mail is from the *Rio Bravo*, a newspaper published at Brownsville, dated Oct. 8th, from which we extract the following:

"The Fight goes Bravely on."—We hear, on the arrival of a special courier last night, that a detachment of the troops of Col. Carvajal, two days ago entered the city of Reynosa, and demanded of the Government forces its immediate surrender.—After some hesitation the demand was complied with, and one cannon and a considerable supply of ammunition, provisions, and small arms, fell into the hands of the victors. That was a bloodless triumph, and shows conclusively that the people every where are in favor of this revolutionary movement. The Government troops meet with cold looks, or hard knocks wherever they turn.

Canales Arrived.—This moment we hear that General Canales has just arrived in Matamoras with a considerable body of men. Gen. Avalos has gone out to meet him, whether as *friend or foe*, is not yet known.

Intercepted Letters.—We give below the substance of two letters—one addressed to Gen. Jauregui and the other to Gen. Amador—written by Col. Manuel Molina, from Matamoras, before the battle of Camargo, which were intercepted by Col. Carvajal. If they had written a few days later, it is to be presumed they would have been in a somewhat different tone.

In the letter addressed to Jauregui, under date of the 18th of September last, he tells him in the first telegraph that he had received from over the river four packages of papers, belonging to the ancient frontier companies, (antiguos presidiales) and which will no doubt be of advantage to the General in settling his accounts; says he had them from a friend residing on the American side of the river; gave him thanks in the name of the nation and of Jauregui, for having preserved them so many years, &c. Speaks of the people under Carvajal and others, being opposite Carmargo for the purpose of driving the military out of the State, establishing their own custom houses, &c. That they received in Matamoras the pronunciamento, and Avalos immediately sent expresses to Mexico, Tampico, and to himself (Jauregui) for troops, to be concentrated at Matamoras and the frontier, to attack the pirates, Carvajal, &c., but imagines and believes that he is "already upon them ere this."! Says that he may have seen what has happened in Havana to the pirates of the North, and finally to Narcisco Lopez, whom they caught and "*garroted.*"

He complains bitterly that it is four months since they received any pay, and that the city (Matamoras) is in a "deplorable state for want of commerce," and getting "worse from day to day," and which as the General "may have observed, is the case with the whole nation."

The other letter is addressed to Gen. Amador, and dated the 22d, 12 o'clock, M. Says that Camacho is at Camargo, well fortified; had not fought, and was only awaiting the arrivel of Gen. Janregui, with his troops and *Indian horses* to attack the seditionists and, if possible, hang all who were caught; and with the ringleaders, Carvajal and Canales, do as was done with Narcisco Lopez in Havana. Also, sends him a copy of the pronunciamento for the amusement of himself and friends; promises to send him news, and that they are determined to die to the last man.

"Who Leads? Who will Lead?"—Under this caption the Rio Bravo has a leading article commencing thus:

"The most intense anxiety is felt by many persons, who wish well to the cause of Mexican liberty and equality, to know what answer time will give to the foregoing questions. In the present struggle, thus far, Col. Carvajal has lead his countrymen with the finest gallantry, and most commendable generosity to the vanquished. In him, all honest men have confidence. They believe him to be bold, frank, and incapable of sneaking hypocrisy, or of sordid want of integrity. While he continues to command, no one fears that the cause itself, or its supporters, will be betrayed; but within a few days, rumors have been whispered about that Gen. Canales, acting Governor of Tamaulipas, is on his way to this frontier, and will assume the chief command. He comes, it is said, under pretext of putting down the revolution, but in fact to *head it*. He is of course Commander-in-Chief of the local forces, and Col. Carvajal is his subordinate."

The Rio Bravo then deprecates the idea of Canales being entrusted with the command of the liberators, which he would assume only to betray.

The Rio Bravo, of the 8th inst, has the following editorial paragraph:

"We learn from a gentleman who arrived on Monday evening, on the U. S. steamer Corvette, that Col. Carvajal has received large reinforcements of efficient troops, and is now in a situation to attack any point he may chose to assail with a perfect certainty of success. We may look for further operations shortly. Gen. Avalos is busily engaged in strengthening his fortifications at Matamoras, and the city looks almost as warlike as when Gen. Taylor entered it in 1846."

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my wife, Catharine Kuhl, did, on the 22d inst., leave my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this therefore, is to caution all persons against harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after the above date. DANIEL KUHL.

Erie, Oct. 25, 1851. *3:34

JAPAN WARE.—Just received another lot expressly for *Jobbing*, at *Buffalo* prices. RUFUS REED.

DR. BROWNELL,

DENTIST, from long experience, is prepared to execute Dental work in a superior style. Teeth filled by him are warranted to remain their fillings and prevent the progress of decay. Whole and part sets of Artificial Teeth on enameled Gold Plate, thus preventing the unnatural appearance which gold has in the mouth. Particular attention paid to operations for hare lip and artificial palate. Dr. B. wishes it distinctly understood that he is permanently located in Erie, and hopes, from strict attention to business, to merit and receive a share of Patronage. Office with Dr. Russell, No. 3, Hughes Block, Erie.

Oct. 18.—23

Erie and Waftsburgh Plank Road Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that an election for President, Directors and Treasurer to manage the affairs of this Company, will be held at their office in Erie on the 3d day of November next, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock P. M.

Erie, Oct. 18. G. SANFORD, Secy.

WARREN'S NEW HAT STORE!!

Just Opened at No. 1 Wright's Block, Corner of State and Fifth Streets.

WHERE the subscriber is now receiving a large and well selected stock of Hats, Caps and Furs! To which he invites the attention of the people of Erie and its vicinity. He flatters himself that from his long practical experience in manufacturing goods in this line, and his superior facilities for obtaining the very best goods direct from the Importers and Manufacturers, there by saving the Jobber's profits, that he can sell as cheap, if not cheaper than any other establishment in western Pennsylvania. Having determined to make this city his residence, he has taken great pains in the selection of his goods to make his assortment complete, comprising every

VARIETY OF THE LATEST STYLES,

and of the very best Materials and Workmanship!. Among his goods may be found an assortment of very fine double extra Moleskin Hats. Extra fine and fine extra Moleskin Hats. A beautiful style of Hat designed expressly for Young Men, fashionable in all the eastern cities. Also, Jenny Lind, Hungarian, Palo Alto, and the Gold Diggers,

FUR AND WOOL HATS!!

With over forty different styles of Caps. The original pattern of Warren's winter cloth Cap, now so fashionable throughout the country. Also, Silk Plush, new styles, Fine French Plush, very cheap. A great variety of Hats and Caps for children. Together with an assortment of Trunks, ladies Furs and Buffalo Robes, all of which will be sold very Cheap for Cash. All goods warranted as represented, or the money refunded.

Erie, Oct. 23.—3m21. JOHN H. WARREN.

TANNERS' OIL.—425 Gallons of pure Tanners' Oil received and for sale by the bbl. and gallon. D. S. CLARK.

Erie, Oct. 25, 1851. 21.

Notice to Contractors.

PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Corporation, until the 1st of November next, for the erection of Buildings on the ground of the Erie Cemetry. Plans and specifications can be seen at my office by any who may wish to examine them. J. C. SPENCER, Sec'y

Erie, Oct. 25.—21 Erie Cemetry.

3000 PAIRS Woollen Socks wanted by Erie, Oct. 25. C. M. TIBBALS.

CAPS, CAPS.—All styles and sizes Caps, at the lowest rates, at the cheap store in the Sennett Block. 21

READY MADE CLOTHING.—A well selected stock of Ready Made Clothing, can be found at the store of Erie, Oct. 25. SENNETT & CO.

BOOTS & SHOES, in great variety, at the new store in the Sennett Block. 21

A GOOD assortment of Carpet Bags and Satchels, on hand at the store of SENNETT & CO.

CIRCULAR SAWS.—A good assortment of Circular Saws for cheap sale, with or without Mandrells. Also, Muley and Common Mill saws, Cross Cut, Hand and Wood Saws, at rates which cannot fail to please. SENNETT & CO.

MUFFS! MUFFS.—A choice lot, at reduced prices, at Erie, Oct. 25. SENNETT & CO.

TEAS! TEAS.—A superior article of Green and Black Teas, for sale at the cheap store. SENNETT & CO.

BRUSHES.—Cloths, Hair, Hat, Shoe, Paint and all other kinds of Brushes for sale cheap as the cheapest by Erie, Oct. 25. SENNETT & CO.

CURTAIN TRIMMINGS.—Brass Curtain Bands and Pins, Glass Pins, Cord and Tassels of various colors, Rolls, Ends and Rack Pullies. RUFUS REED.

WAFFLE IRONS, of different kinds, at No. 3 Reed House. Erie, Oct. 22. RUFUS REED.

BUTCHER'S SAWS and Knives at Erie, Oct. 25. RUFUS REED'S

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are now receiving a large and splendid Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Shoes, &c. In this stock may be found almost every variety of Ladies Dress Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. They invite their old customers and persons generally visiting and purchasing goods in their line to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere, as they feel confident prices and qualities will give entire satisfaction.

Erie, Oct. 25.—24 JAMES HUGHES & CO.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned having removed his Tailoring Establishment to the rooms directly over A. & J. S. Walters' Grocery store, lately occupied by Thompson and Grant, and opposite Brown's Hotel, would inform his friends and the friendly public generally that he still lives in accordance with the Divine command, "By the sweat of his brow," and respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended heretofore. Having just received the Fall and Winter Fashions, he is prepared to cut and make any and every garment in his line in a style not to be surpassed here or elsewhere. Also, Naval and Military clothing made to order,

☞ Cutting done promptly, and with care, for others to make up. JOHN GOALDING.

Erie, Oct. 21, 1851. 24.

Musical Academy.

THE subscriber would respectfully give notice that the proposed Musical Academy will open on the 1st Saturday of November next—being the 1st day of the month.

Erie, Oct. 23.—24 WM. WELLING.

Dissolution.

NOTICE is hereby given that the firm of Lampson, Goff, & Co, was dissolved on the 19th inst. by mutual consent. All persons having claims against said firm will present them for settlement to Lampson & Wilcox, who continue the business, and all persons indebted will make payment to the same immediately and save costs.

F. LAMPSON,
A. GOFF,
R. C. WILCOX.

M'Kean, Oct. 23, 1851.—24.

NURSERY LAMPS.—A very convenient and useful article in the sick room and nursery, for sale by

Erie, Sept. 6. J. H BURTON & CO.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just returned from New York with a large assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

which were purchased within a few days past for Cash, and owing to the great panic in the money market at a great sacrifice to the importers and manufacturers. We are prepared to give the public the benefit of our purchases at a small advance. They do not boast of the quality or the cheapness, but would invite a comparison of quality and prices, and are satisfied none will go away dissatisfied. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Erie, Oct. 4, 1851. 21

BAY STATE SHAWLS.—The place to purchase Shawls is cheap is at No. 3 Chenpside, GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Erie, Oct. 4, 1851. 21

BUTTER and Cheese Tryers, at Erie, Aug. 9 RUFUS REED'S. 13

NEW GOODS AGAIN.

THE subscriber is now receiving his Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, consisting of foreign and domestic dry goods, hardware, groceries, wet and dry, crockery, nails, &c., which will be sold at unprecedented low prices, for ready pay, as I wish to do business on the ready pay system in future. Call and examine prices and qualities, and you will be satisfied as to both

Oct. 11, 1851. SMITH JACKSON.

Spavins, Ringbones, Windgalls, Curbs, Splints.

HAVING seen the virtues of Major's celebrated British Remedy tested in the removal of a Bone Spavin from my Horse, I have purchased the exclusive right of compounding, using, and selling this unparalleled medicine in the town of Harborcreek, Erie county, Pa. The public are therefore informed that I am prepared to apply this medicine to all Horses afflicted with Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs Windgalls, Splints &c., brought to me at Wesleyville, and that when properly applied it has never failed to affect a cure. JOHN BENNETT.

Wesleyville, October 11, 1851. 22:1

DRESS Trimmings and Buttons at April24. JACKSON'S. 2

GEN. LOPEZ PUT TO DEATH.

FIFTY AMERICANS MASSACRED!

AND all this is done because they were trying to assist the Cubans to obtain their independence; and as usual some are pleased while others are displeased, but the only way we know to please all is to

CALL AT JUSTICES.

And examine his large and well selected stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS.

Which he will make up to order on the shortest notice and in the most fashionable style. Gentlemen leaving their measures for any garment can depend on having it when promised, and if not satisfied they will not be asked to take it away.

Ready Made Clothing.

We have on hand and continue to make a very superior lot of Ready Made Clothing, which we can recommend to those in want, and would invite our friends and the public to call and examine Goods, Prices and Make; and to those not judges we say bring along some one to judge for you, and we know you will be satisfied that we have the

Best Goods in the City!

This we boast of and invite comparison. Also, a nice lot of White and Fancy Shirts, Drawers and Undershirts, Suspenders, Stocks and Stock Cravats, which we bought very low, and will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

We would return our thanks to the Public for past favors, and be pleased to see all our old customers and as many new ones as can make it convenient to give us a call at No. 8, Reed House.

JOHN M. JUSTICE, Practical Tailor.

Erie Sept. 13, 1851. 1y

ERIE DAGUERREAN GALLERY,

Park Row, a few doors West of the REED HOUSE.

SHERMAN is happy to invite all who wish DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES, to call at all particular as the kind of pictures they like to have, as his new Rooms which have been built expressly for the Art. LIGHT is the great agent of the Art-it, and it has been the constant study of all worthy of the name since the Art was discovered, to employ and control it in the manner best adapted to produce the most favorable results. The result of this study and of thousands of experiments is that there is not a respectable permanent Gallery in the U. States where the pictures are taken by a common window, and he has no doubt he can produce superior pictures by such a window proves his ignorance of the Art. The subscriber therefore begs leave to say that by his superior LIGHT, and with an apparatus worth six times any other in this city, he is enabled to produce pictures which cannot be equelled in this part of the country, and offers to excell any thing which can be produced in other rooms in Erie, or forfeit one hundred dollars. He has also a splendid Quick Working Camera, with which he takes children of any age. Let it be distinctly understood his pictures will not fade if properly kept.

N. B.—The "recent improvements" may be seen at the above rooms. W. H. SHERMAN.

Erie, Sept. 10, 1851. 18

CHEAP HARDWARE STORE.

I AM now receiving my Fall stock of heavy and shelf Hardware consisting in part of iron, steel, and nails of all sizes, Anvils, vices, Smith's Bellows, springs, Axle arms, brass bub and sand bands, malleable castings of all descriptions, crowbars, dirt picks, mandrels, grub hoes, cool, log chains, halter, and tackle chains, zinc, pig lead, hooks and hinges, hooks and eyes, strap hinges, gate hinges and latches, brass kettles, porcelain kettles and sauce pans, sash, crosscut, circular, rip, hand, panel, back, and tenon saws, wood saws and frames; Barton and Simmons' broad axes and adzes, Simmons', Collins', Weed's and Young's chopping axes; Simmons' hand axes and hatchets; Burton's adzes, eye chamfers, augers, auger bits, Dubuque's, Ellis's, Burnap's, Buck's, Russell's, nail, rib bit and cornice planes, plows, double and single plane bits; saw plane, augur and chisel handles, bevels, try squares, spoke shaves, hollow augurs, gauges, Burson's framing and firmer chisels, sand paper, bed screws and castors, mahoganay and black walnut knobs, round, square, and chain bolts, wrought and cast bolts, brads, finishing nails, screws, locks, latches, pocket and table cutlery, scissors and shears, spring knives, snutlers, brass, britannia, iron and japan candlesticks &c., &c.

Erie, Oct 18. RUFUR REED.

NEW GOODS.—Just received at the new store in the Sennett Block, a general assortment of Dry Goods, groceries, crockery, Hards are, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c., which will be sold cheap for cash or produce. Call and see.

Oct. 18, 23. SENNETT & CO.

AMES' SHOVELS.—A new supply of Ames' Shovels at the cheap store in the Sennett Block. SENNETT & CO.

Oct 25, 1851.

PRINTS.—A good assortment received and for sale cheap at Oct. 18, 1851. SENNETT & CO.

UMBRELLAS.—A large assortment of umbrella, all sizes and prices, at 23 SENNETT & CO.

COFFEE MILLS.—A new style of Coffee and Spice Mills, a superior article at 23 SENNETT & CO.

A GENERAL assortment of Crockery and Glassware may be found at the store of 23 SENNETT & CO.

CORN BASKETS for sale at the new store in the Sennett block. Oct. 18.—23 SENNETT & CO.

LAPACA, De Lanes, Ginghams, Calicos, a very general assortment for sale by 23 G. SELDEN & SON

SHEETINGS, Bed Ticks, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Warp, white and colored, 23 G. SELDEN & SON.

AXES.—30 dozen just received and for sale by Oct. 18.—23 G. SELDEN & SON.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS' TOOLS.—A very general assortment, for sale much below any before offered in this place Oct 18.—23 G. SELDEN & SON.

AXES.—A large lot just received direct from the manufacturer. 23 G SELDEN & SON.

THE BALL KEEPS ROLLING.

H. CADWELL has again returned from the Atlantic cities, where goods of all kinds have been purchased at prices never before heard of, and will be sold at prices to correspond. My stock is larger than Fall ever, and a full assortment of everything in the Goods line; it is too large to enumerate prices. I will briefly say that we are selling fine bleached muslins at 6 cents per yard as good as is sold in large cities at 10 cents; 8 cent de laines at 10 cents; brown Muslin, prime goods, as low as 3½ cents. My assortment of Shawls, silks and dress goods never was so large, and at correspondingly low prices. My stock of Carpets, oil cloths, Druggets, matting &c. will be sold at manufacturers' cost prices; crockery, glassware, and looking glasses, at low prices.

Hardware we are selling below any market west of New York; iron as low as 2½ cents per pound; Nails as low as $1 25 per 100 pounds.

My stock of Groceries is large at very low rates. We pledge ourselves to sell goods this fall and winter 10 per cent below any place west of New York. H. CADWELL,

Erie, Oct. 16 —2a

New Shop! New Firm! New Goods and New Prices!!!

THE undersigned take this method of thanking the public for their former liberal patronage, and also to inform them that they have formed a partnership under the name of Derby & Montford, and will carry on the

GUNSMITHING BUSINESS

in all its branches, at their new shop in the new Block, two doors west of the Reed House, under H. P. Stockton's Jewelry Store, where they will be happy to wait upon all who may favor them with a call with the *best in town*. They have just received, direct from New York, an entire New Stock, among which may be found: Double and Single Barrel Fowling Pieces, from $2 50 to $30, a quantity of Rifle Barrels, which they are anxious to make up and Warren, Revolving Caps, Powder Flasks, Shot, Lead, Flasks, the nicest in town, Shot Pouches, Game Bags, in fact every thing necessary to the full equipment of a sportsman. Guns repaired to order, and done when promised. Gaining twist and common Rifles, manufactured to order and warranted to shoot from one to one hundred rods. On hand, A large stock of Gun Locks, all Kinds, Main Springs, Tumblers, Cocks, forged Brich Pins, Set Springs, Bullet Moulds, &c., &c., in short every thing necessary to build a gun, which are kept for the accommodation of the trade in this and the adjoining counties, and will be sold at wholesale or retail, a little cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in this city. Please give us a call before purchasing. They are also prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, in their line, such as filing and setting Saws, repairing Locks of all kinds, furnishing, fitting and repairing keys, repairing umbrellas &c., which will be done on short notice, and charges reasonable.

Erie, October 11, 1851.—23 DERBY & MONTFORD.

3000 YARDS of Ginghams, just received and for sale by Sept 29. C. M. TIBBALS.

ERIE COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS company continues to insure buildings, merchandise, furniture, &c against loss by fire, and think it would be for the interest of the citizens of Erie county to insure with them pany, as they are acquainted with the officers, in preference to foreign companies that they know little about.

DIRECTORS.

C. M. Tibbals,	Wm. P. Rindernecht,
J. H. Williams,	Smith Jackson,
J. C. Marshall,	William Beaty,
J. H. Fullerton,	J. H. Spencer,
Harley Sherman,	George Selden,
J. D. Clark, James D. Dunlap	N. W. Russell

SMITH JACKSON, President.
J. H. WILLIAMS, Treasurer.
R. J. SIBLEY, Secretary.
WALLACE SHERMAN, Agent.

☞ The Office of the Company, is now at the Register and Recorder's office. Erie, Sept 4, 1851.—17

LAMPS.

A FINE lot. Also, Globes, Chimneys, just received, and for sale cheap at STOCKTON'S.

Erie, Oct. 4, 1851. 21

BRANDY, Gin, Rum, Port, Malaga and Madeira Wine, varying in price and quality. Also, good Whiskey for sale by July 12, 1851. W. F. RINDERNECHT

Tremendous Smashing and Cracking and Bursting up of Banks!!

STAND FROM UNDER!!!

BUY your Ready Made Clothing at JACOB KOCH'S Clothing Store in the Reed House, who takes skin plasters and pretty much all of the Rag Currency afloat, and sells *awfully* cheap at that, they do say. Any thing for a brisk trade—the fall campaign must be opened, and that at once. Jacob Koch has taken particular pains to select Cloths, Cassimerets, Vestings, Trimmings, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, of all descriptions, of the best, most attractive, and approved styles—goods that cannot fail to please a correct taste and command the admiration of gentlemen of sound discriminating judgment. Where's the use of croaking up out goods—they will speak for themselves Only call and see and feel them, and you shall be convinced beyond a cavil, that no goods can be found in this or any other city or town that the sun shines upon, that will commend themselves to your tastes and pockets with such irresistable influence as ours. Call and see, and you will believe. JACOB KOCH.

Erie, Oct. 11.—23. No. 7, Reed House.

160 Acres of Land for Sale.

THE subscriber wishes to sell or exchange for a House and Lot in Erie, 160 acres of land in Wisconsin, the same being granted to a soldier in the late war, under the act of Congress of 1850. The Patent from the U. S. recites it as located "upon the northwest quarter of section 21, in township 21 of Range 25, in the District of Lands subject to sale at Green Bay, Wisconsin."—The exchange for a house and lot in Erie, would be preferred.

Erie, Oct. 11 1851—tf22 CHARLES W. KELSO.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

MRS. H. S. WARD would say to the Ladies that by their liberal patronage heretofore extended to her, she is now prepared with the latest New York and Philadelphia fashions of Fall and Winter bonnetts, which she will be happy to sell at the very lowest prices.—Her stock consists of over forty different kinds of Bonnets, at prices that cannot help but suit the times. Also, Ribbons and Flowers, and in fact a general assortment of Millinery.

Straws bleached and pressed in the latest styles. All kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

☞ Country Milliners supplied with goods at the lowest market prices.

Erie, Oct. 11 1851. *2.

ON THE CASH SYSTEM.

Having Tried it, We find it Works Well.

BELIEVING the Cash System the only true system of doing business, the undersigned has adopted it, and finds it working well both for himself and customers, as it has enabled him to purchase his

FALL AND WINTER STOCK

at extremely low rates, consequently he will be able to furnish his customers and the public at corresponding prices. All in want of any thing in his line are respectfully invited to examine his elegant assortment of

Clothing! Cloths and Cassimeres!

Consisting of Black, Blue Black, Brown, Green and Drab Broadcloths, and Cassimeres of various patterns. Also

Silk, Satin, Worsted & Velvet Vests & Vesting!

All of which were purchased in New York for CASH, and are now offered as cheap, at least, as at any other establishment in town.

He does not deem it necessary to tell those who have for so long a series of years patronized him, that he continues to manufacture as

FASHIONABLE AND NEAT FITTING

Garments as can be found in this market; but to new customers he has no hesitation in saying that if they will

CALL AND SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

They will not go away dissatisfied with either

Goods, Workmanship or Prices.

Custom work always done at reasonable prices, and warranted. Also cutting warranted, if properly made up. Call and see if "old things have not become new" at the *old* stand of the subscriber. JAMES LYTLE.

Erie, Sept. 26, 1851. 20

NEW WHOLESALE GROCERY STORE,

AT NO. 7, BONNELL BLOCK, ERIE, PA.

THE subscriber having leased the Store No. 7, Bonnell Block, formerly occupied by Lester, Sennett & Chester, is receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected stock of groceries, to which he most cordially invites the attention of the trade in this and the adjoining counties. He flatters himself that from his experience in the Grocery business, and his superior facilities for obtaining Goods direct from the Importers and Manufacturers, thereby saving the Jobbers' profits, that he can sell to the Merchants favoring him with their patronage, Goods

As Cheap as can be Purchased West of New-York.

And as cheap as can be bought in New York, with the addition of expense attended in getting goods to this city. Being determined to make his business **Exclusively Wholesale**, will confine himself to selling by the Package, if he can be sustained in so doing. He will be happy at all times to exhibit his goods to those who may favor him with a call. In addition to his stock of Groceries, he has added a choice stock of

Wines and Imported and Domestic Liquors!

to an examination of which he would especially invite the attention of Hotel keepers and others in the trade. The following will comprise a portion of his stock, viz:

New Orleans, Porto Rico & Cuba Sugars; Powdered, Crushed, Granulated, White and Yellow Coffee do; Porto Rico, Muscovado, & Cuba Molasses, N. O. Syrup, in bbl. or half bbl.; Loaf Sugar, Gunpowder and Black Tea, all kinds, half-chests and caddies; also, a Old Java, Rio and Laguira Coffee; Virginia manufactured Tobacco, different brands; Anderson's loose chewing, and pipes, also loose and assorted size pap. Smoking; Black and Yellow Snuff; Domestic and Imported Havana Segars; Raisins, in whole half and quarter Boxes; Currants, Figs, Pimento Pepper, Cassia, Cloves, Nutmegs, Indigo, pure Ginger; Pepper sauce, Ground Pepper; Pimento, Cassia and Cloves, in 1, 2 and 4 lb papers; Powder, in whole, half, and quarter kegs, Shot, Lead, Nuts of different kinds; No. 1 Pale, Excelsior, and Fancy Soap; Refined Elephant and Whale Oil; Sperm, Linseed and Olive do.; Mackerel, No.'s 1, 2, 3, in whole, half and quarter bbls., Codfish, Herring and White fish; Paints and Oils; several grades Brandies, Rum, Gin, Monongahela Whiskey; Old Port, Madeira, Claret and Champagne Wines; London and Philadelphia Porters; together with most kinds and styles of goods kept in the Grocery line, and not enumerated in this list, to the inspection of which he would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers before buying elsewhere.

Particular attention paid to filling orders, and all goods warranted as represented or the money refunded.

Erie, Sept 20.—19. J. M. SMITH.

FALL MILLINERY.

MRS CURTIS is now opening a large and splendid assortment of Millinery Goods, which will be sold wholesale and retail at the lowest prices. Her stock embraces the following:

RIBBONS—Rich plaid, newest style, scarf, satin and velvet Ribons, in short every style that can be called for.

SATINS—All colors and prices.

SILKS—Of every description, for making Bonnets, lining velvet Cloaks, &c

SILK VELVETS—Black, brown, blue, green, scarlet, for Odd Fellows' Regalias, &c.

FLOWERS—Plumes, Tabs, Rreches, Laces.

EDGINGS—Black Lace Veils.

EMBROIDERY—Collars, a very large assortment, cuffs, undersleeves, chemisetts, handkerchiefs, embroidered and plain, edgings and insertions.

KID GLOVES—Gentlemen's white, Ladies white and colored, first quality, Mitts, long and short, great variety.

HOSIERY.—All colors, best quality.

DRESS TRIMMINGS—Netted Fringe, Buttons, Gimps, Fluted Ribbons, &c.

DRESS CAPS—Of every style.

BONNETS—Straw, Silk Satin and Velvet, of the latest style, constantly on hand. Straw Bonnets cleaned and shaped on the shortest notice.

Cloak Trimmings, ready made Cloaks, Velvet Sacks, Mantillas, &c., Fancy Baskets, Combs, Crotchet Needles Tidy Needles, Tidy Cotton Tapes, Hooks and Eyes Boy's Belts, Elastics, with many other articles too numerous to mention. All orders for Goods and Bonnets promptly attended to.

Erie, Sept. 27, 1851. 20

Musical Academy.

THIS institute will be opened in a few days at his rooms, 4 doors east of the Erie Bank, as soon as the names of Fifty subscribers are obtained. Terms—$6 for one person, $10 for families containing six persons, per year, invariably in advance. Five lessons will be given every Saturday, either of which pupils may attend. Hours of study from 7 A. M. to 9, from 10 to 12, from 1 P. M. to 3, from 4 to 6, from 7 evening to 9. The ladies may select either of these hours for themselves. It is desirable all to attend without inconvenience. The unparalled low price of tuition brings instruction within the reach of all. The hours will be occupied in the following manner:—First vocal exercises—second, lectures on every thing connected with music, (history of music, including the news of musical matters)—third, rudiments of music, with explanations on the black board, or on an instrument—fourth, sacred music, with accompaniments on the Melodion — All persons wishing to subscribe, will find me, at the above named rooms. WM. WELLING.

Erie, Oct. 4, 1851. tf21

40 BAGS of Coffee for sale by the Bag or lb. by July 5. 8 W. F. RINDERNECHT.

PREMIUM FOR SILVER.—We pay a premium in GOLD for Dollars, Half Dollars and Five Francs.

Erie, June 14. M. SANFORD & CO.

WOOD WANTED!

THE subscriber wishes to purchase **300 Cords** of Hemlock and other soft wood delivered at his Asbery and Lime Kiln corner of French and 9th Streets. S. JACKSON.

Sept. 23.—18.

EUREKA! EUREKA!!

We Have Found it! Found What!!

WHY, that I. ROSENZWEIG & Co. are selling all Goods in their line cheaper than any body, Jew or Gentile, this side of New York. Call at

No. 4, Wright's Block!

and examine their great assortment of

Coats, Pants and Vests,

of the finest materials, of the best fit, and of the most superior workmanship, which are sold at this establishment so cheap that a man will make more by buying than going without. In short their articles are

SOLD AT SUCH REDUCED PRICES

that hereafter there can be no excuse for seedy Coats, soiled Vests or dilapidated Pants. But their stock of Ready Made Clothing is not the only and seemeat bait, but out to a "Par. Ragged and Saucy Public" to give them a call, for their stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,

is unsurpassed for variety, Fashion and, above all, Cheapness; and as they have in their employ

One of the Best Cutters in Town,

They will be ready at all times to make Garments to order, and warrant them when done. They have Goods from the finest fabrics to the coarsest, so that every one can be suited. They have a large assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

such as Shirts from the finest Quality to the Coarsest Hickory Shirt, handkerchiefs, gloves, socks, Scarfs, under garments, collars, Bosoms, together with every thing in our line. We have a general assortment of

Ladies Fashionable Goods

for the Fall and Winter trade. We have neither room nor time to enumerate styles or speak of quality, but will just say to Ladies to call and examine for themselves.

IT IS NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS,

and if the prices don't suit we'll endeavor to make them, for we wish to sell and are determined not to be undersold Don't forget the location, No. 4, Wright's Block.

Erie, Sept. 23, 1851. 19

Sugars! Sugars!!

I AM now receiving a large stock of Sugars, which have just been purchased at very low figures in New York for cash, and will be sold proportionably low for cash or ready pay.

I am also receiving a large supply of Teas, Coff

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Mrs. Caudle on the Bloomer Costume.

Now Caudle, just keep awake awhile; I want to talk to you about my wearing the Bloomer dress. "Sick of hearing about it, sick of seeing great green girls galloping round the streets, with ankles like an elephant, toes turned in, and great soup plates of hats pitched over their ugly faces?" What has that to do with *me*? hey, Caudle. Don't pretend you are asleep, now, because I know you aint, and what's more, I don't intend you shall be. Now you see, Caudle dear, it takes a pretty woman to wear that dress. "Think it will suit me then?" of course it will. What are you laghing at? Let me see; it will take twelve yards of silk for the dress and five for the trousers. "Dont think it will be any thing new for me to wear them?" I don't know what you mean by such an insinuation, and if I did I despise you for it. "Wish I would not keep digging my elbow into your side?" well, keep awake then, take care of your end of the schooner, and I will take care of mine. As I was saying, it will take just twelve yards for this dress and five for the bree ——trousers; laugh away! laugh away! Caudle, I don't care what you call 'em if I only get 'em on. "If I do wear 'em you'll put on petticoats," will you? Well, all I have to say to that is, that you will then appear in your true colors, and not be such a walking lie as you are now. But there's no help for it, as I know; any way, that's neither here nor there. Shall—I—have—the Bloomer *dress or not*, Mr. Caudle?

Hereupon Mr. Caudle groans out a faint "yes," muttering as he turns over, "I wish I had never been born, I do;" to which his wife devoutly responds, Amen!—*Olive Branch.*

Be Civil.

There is no better mark of a good education than civility. Vulgar minds are ever coarse in their manners, rude in their behavior, and blunt in their remarks. To treat all men with respect and kindness, and especially the aged, is the sure sign of a good heart. Who loves the company of the uncivil? We always avoid them, especially when we have a modest friend by our side. If you would gain the respect and good will of others, use no harsh language or vulgar expressions.

☞ Our funny friend of the Albany *Dutchman* says:—We tasted some candy, the other day that ought to come under the head of "fighting liquors." For over an hour we could not tell whether we had swallowed a cock-tail, or a torch-light procession.

☞ Here are two or three hints for juvenile tobacco smokers and chewers, which we extract from the Boston *Olive Branch.*

"Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys; inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character; and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. To people older, who are naturally nervous, and particularly to the phlegmatic, tobacco may be comparatively harmless, but even to these it is worse than useless. We particularly warn boys who want to be any body in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

Life in Chili.—A friend of *The Picayune*, now a resident of Saniago de Chili, in South America, gives a amusing account of some of the phases of life in that distant clime. "The only amusements we have here are earthquakes and revolutions. We expect a 'few more' in about three weeks from this time. The revolutions are no 'great shakes'—the fighting being only so so. But the 'yethquakes' are some vegetables, and no mistake. It is a common thing here, during their occurrence to have the plugs shaken out of one's teeth, and sometimes, as the natives religiously affirm, the entire tooth is torn out by the roots. The ordinary mode of churning in this country is to put the milk in a skin, usually a dog's skin, tie it on a donkey; mount a boy on him with rowels to his spurs, about the length of the animal's ears, and then run him four mile heats. But in these earthquake times they hang up the dog's skin and the spurs, and leave it to the 'quakes' to make the butter come."

Culture of the Tea Plant.—If Mr. Junius Smith of South Carolina succeeds in his experiments he will merit and receive the gratitude of his country. It is said that he continues to pursue with zeal and success the cultivation of the tea plant in that State. He remarks in a recent letter, that the nuts which he has just received from China, of this years growth, are in a sound condition, and that a small quantity of them will be spared for those desirous of planting. "I am aware," says he, "that farmers as well as others, are apt to be impatient, and grudge the long time they must wait for the latter harvest. Many of them, doubtless, with me, can remember when there was not a bale of cotton growing in the United States, nor a steamboat floating upon the ocean."

A Scene in Church.—Our correspondent at Hanover, N. H., informs us that last Sabbath, (Oct 12th) at the morning service at the College, Church at Dartmouth College, as the clergyman proceeded a little way in his sermon, the front door was suddenly opened, and a person in night clothes entered and walked rapidly up the broad isle some distance, when he was arrested and carried out. His ghastly countenance and delirious look at once revealed the truth: that Thomas B. Mack, of the Senior Class, from Gilmanton, sick of typhoid fever, had escaped from his sick chamber in the momentary absence of his attendants, and was on his way to his accustomed seat in the church. The agitation of the audience may easily be conceived. Order, however was restored, and the services were finished in the usual course. The young man died on Monday night at 11 o'clock, having been sick but five days.

A New Plan of Search for Sir John Franklin.—A writer in the National Intelligencer contends that, taking for reliable data the statements of Surgeon Kane, of the American Searching Expedition. He suggests that;

In case another expedition is fitted out, a more minute search of the missing navigator may be made through the aid of balloons, with which, and the required apparatus, the vessels may be provided at the time of sailing, and when arrived at the supposed vicinity of the missing expedition, these balloons may be sent up from the decks of the vessels, or from the ice or land if convenient, and their elevations governed and regulated by cords, so as to attain any required height, and give to the aeronant a view of many miles over the land or ice and ice barriers, where probably at the time vessels or expeditions on the ice could not proceed in every required direction.

Lost on the Lakes.—On the 1st inst., Captain Chas. Main of the schooner A. H. Newbould, of Racine, at this port, when nearly off Sheboygan, eight miles out, discovering a fishing boat, containing two men, one of whom was apparently exhausted, and could not as Capt. Main thinks, have survived an hour.

For six hours every effort was made to save the unfortunate men, but, in consequence of the gale, without effect. The men were too weak to grasp the lines that were thrown to them; night closed in; the helpless mariners were lost sight of in the darkness, and were reluctantly left to their fate.—*Chig. Dem.*

HOVER'S INK MANUFACTORY,
Removed to No. 144 Race Street,
Between Fourth and Fifth, opposite Crown Street, Philadelphia,

WHERE the Proprietor is enabled, by increased facilities, to supply the growing demand for Hover's Ink, which its widespread reputation has created.

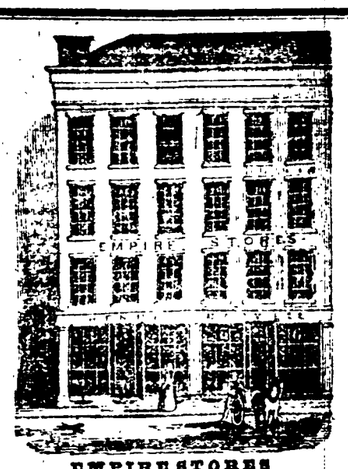
This Ink is now so well established in the good opinion and confidence of the American Public, that it is scarcely necessary to say anything in its favor, and the manufacturer takes this opportunity to say that the confidence thus secured shall not be abused.

In addition to the various kinds of Writing Ink, he also manufactures *Adamantine Cement* for mending Glass and China, as well as a superior *Hair Dye*; a trial is only necessary to insure its future use, and a *Sealing Wax*, well adapted for Druggists and Bottlers, at a very low price, in large or small quantities.

Orders addressed to JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer, No 144 Race-st. Between 4th & 5th, opposite Crown street,
Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1851. 3m19

VALUABLE WATER POWER AND SAW MILL FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE Water Power and Saw Mill, at the North slope of the Summit, in Crawford county, on the Erie Extension Canal, surrounded by the finest timber in the county, and a great location for a Grist Mill, will be sold at a great bargain. The POWER CANAL ROOM will be taken in exchange.
Sept 29, 1851 M. E. LOWRY.



EMPIRE STORES

H. CADWELL is now beginning to receive his large stock of Silks, Fancy, Plain and Staple

Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron; Steel, Nails, &c.,

just purchased while the panic in the money market was at its height. I am now prepared to offer Coffee by the Bag, Sugar by the Barrel, Brown Sheeting by the Piece or Bale, and all other Dry Goods by the Piece or Package, Iron by the hundred or ton, Hardware by the package Nails by the keg, and all other goods in the same manner at prices that cannot be beat by any Eastern Jobber, and retail prices will be made to correspond. I have the largest stock of Dress Goods, all new and beautiful styles, that was ever opened for public inspection, and for Cash the price shall suit the buyer. Knowing the fine taste of the ladies of this vicinity, I know the goods must suit.
Erie, Aug. 30, 1851. 19

EMPIRE AGAIN.

Keep it before the People that the Empires are not to be Undersold.

I HAVE just received the Agency of two of the largest Iron and Nail Manufactories in the Union. Prices are therefore reduced below anything ever heard of. Farmers lift up your heads; a Barrel of Flour will purchase more Nails and Iron than it would a year ago. We will sell Bar Iron as low as 3½cts. per pound, Iron all round for Waggons, including Swedes, at 3½cts. Nails, some sizes as low as 3½cts. by the keg. Those prices are 10 per cent below Buffalo. When those prices can be matched I will try again. The above are for cash. Just receiving a large stock of Shelf Hardware, Saddlery Hardware, Buggy Trimmings, Chains, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, and Mechanics' Tools of all kinds at low rates; also Rubber Belting. H. CADWELL.
Erie, Sept. 13, 1851. 18

SAVE TIME! SAVE MONEY!
SAVE LABOR!

WILSON'S Chinese Lustral Washing Fluid, for washing in hard or soft Water. This Fluid is the best preparation known for washing cotton, linen, or woolen cloths, for removing grease or tar, for cleaning floors or paint, for destroying bed bugs and other vermin, for sale by J. H. BURTON & Co.
Aug 23. 15

Land and Lots for Sale.

300 ACRES in Bloomfield township, 120 acres cleared, buildings and orchard—price $3000. This is an excellent grazing farm.

150 acres nine miles west of Erie, in Fairview township, 100 acres cleared, buildings and orchard—price $22 per acre; an excellent grain or grazing farm.

77 acres in Union township, 15 acres cleared, buildings and orchard—price $1200.

100 acres in Lelbault township, on the east bank of French Creek, 6 miles below Waterford—65 acres cleared, house, barn, and orchard, price $2000. This is a beautiful farm of bottom lands and hill side, good for grain or grass.

50 acres two miles east of Erie, on Lake Road, good buildings and orchard, and a valuable power for a mill—price $30 per acre.

20 acres Erie Academy land, one mile south of Erie, on the Turnpike road, all cleared—price $75 per acre.

300 acres of Wild Land; part of tract No 2000, in Wayne township—price $750.

91 acres of wild land in Le Boeuff tp—price $3 per acre.

Also, a large number of In Lots and Out Lots of the town of Erie. WILSON KING.
Feb 26, 1851. 42 Land Agent, Erie, Pa.

PORTABLE FURNACES.—We have just received New Patterns for several sizes of these fuel-saving articles for summer use, and are prepared to furnish customers with a superior article. A few on hand ready for use. SENNETT & CO.
May 31. 3

NAILS.—A large lot of first quality Nails, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices for Cash, at the Erie Steam Foundry. SENNETT & CO.
May 31. 2

TEAS.—Fresh Green and black Teas, only six weeks from Canton; some Green Tea for 50c. per pound, good.
Erie June 7. C. M. TIBBALS.

TAR, Pitch and Rosin constantly on hand and for sale by
(6) R. T. S. & SONS.

COPARTNERSHIP.

WILLIAM BEATTY & M. SANFORD have this day formed a copartnership as Bankers and Collection and Exchange Brokers, under the firm of M. SANFORD & CO. Office in "Beatty's Block," between State and Peach streets, Public Square
Erie, Jan. Jan 1, 1851. n11

VEGETABLE POWDER, a superior article, for sale by
June 21. 6 D. S. CLARK.

EXTRACTS of Lemon, Rose, Vanilla, Nutmeg, Bitter Almonds, Peach, Celery, Orange Flour, Cochineal and Nectarine, for sale by D. S. CLARK.
June 21. 6

100 BAGS SHOT just received and for sale by
Erie, July 26. W. F. RINDERNECHT.

MACKEREL, Shad, White Fish, Trout, and Herring, for sale cheap by W. F. RINDERNECHT

NEW WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS
AT LOOMIS & CO.'S,
State St., nearly opposite Empire Stores.

NOW opening, the largest and finest stock of Goods in this line ever offered for sale in Erie, just purchased in N. York embracing all the new styles of rich Jewelry just out. Any one wishing to purchase a splendid watch and chain will have a first rate opportunity for selecting. Not to be undersold by any similar establishment in this vicinity. G. LOOMIS & CO.
Erie, June 21. 6

CALIFORNIA GOLD Manufactured to order at short notice, Gold Rings, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Chains, or anything desired, of any style, at G. LOOMIS & Co.'s

New and Popular School Book.

COMPREHENSIVE Summary of Universal History, together with a Biographical Distinguished Persons, to which is appended an epitome of Heathen Mythology, Natural Philosophy, General Astronomy and Physiology: Adapted to the Public Schools of Philadelphia. E. S. JONES & CO, Publishers.
S. W. Corner FOURTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia.
Teachers and School Committees addressing letters to us post paid, will be furnished with copies for examination.
☞ A Full and Complete Assortment of Books and Stationary for sale at the *Lowest Rates.*
Philadelphia, May 3, 1851. 1y51

Bardatte's Vermifuge Sugar Drops,

FOR the destruction of worms. They contain no calomel or mercury in any form or any deleterious ingredients whatever, and are at once attractive to the eye, pleasant to the taste, and sure in their operation. Children eat them with great avidity. For sale by J. H. BURTON & Co.,
Erie, Aug 2. [12] No. 3, Reed House.

SILVER GOODS.—Plain and Threaded Table and Tea Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, etc. of our own manufacture, Silver warranted of the fineness of Dollars, Engraved in good style by
June 28. 7 G. LOOMIS & CO.

MONEYS remitted to the Old Country on the most favorable terms, on our responsibility. M SANFORD & CO.
Feb. 24 1-51. Beaty's Block Erie Pa.

NEW FALL GOODS.

JOHN C. BEEBE having just returned from New York with a large, splendid and cheap assortment of honest Goods, among handsome, fast colored and fashionable, fresh from the looms of the manufacturers, in every, clime, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, bought at a great sacrifice for cash, and offered to the public for nearly their own price. Call and see. Goods shown with promptness to all, and none obliged to buy unless desired. Among his stock will be found silk, wool, cotton and linen, silk and satin Dress Goods of every variety, Broad Cloths and Cassimeres, Plain and Figured Poplins, delanes, mitterages, chilars, embroideries, cuffs, silk and satin Vestings, Fringes, blue, black purple, white and fancy colored Cashmeres, worked, &c.
Erie Sept 29 1-2 6m19

A PERFECT SAFEGUARD AGAINST
QUACKERY.
THE CHEAPEST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED:
PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A COPY,
OR FIVE COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR!

DR. LA CROIX'S Private Medical Treatise, entitled, A Physiological View of Marriage—a popular treatise on the secret infirmities of youth and maturity, arising from genital diseases in both sexes, with upwards of 125 colored and plain lithographic and engravings, illustrating the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Sexual Organs, their structures, uses and functions, and the various injuries produced in them by solitary habits, excesses and infection, causes, symptoms and baneful effects of Venereal diseases, together with plain directions for the perfect cure of Syphilis, gleet, strictures, &c., *without mercury.*

To which are added very extensive practical observations on Sexual Debility, arising from nocturnal seminal emissions, or constitutional weakness, and its attendant sympathies. The whole illustrated by striking cases from Dr. La Croix's private practice. The reproductive organs of females illustrated. Menstruation, irregularity, or the entire suppression of the Menses, and their remedies by M. B. La Croix, M. D., Graduate of the Medical Department of the Northern University—Member of the Hospital des Veneriennes, Paris—Correspondent of the Reformed School of Medicine, and member of the Medical Society, &c. &c.

CAUTION.

In this book the nature of every private disease is minutely described, with their symptoms, and how to distinguish one from another—with receipts for the remedies, their management &c., in plain language. It enbales every one to successfully and privately treat his case, (thereby avoiding the impositions daily practiced by quacks on the ignorant,) or to judge if properly treated. Young men who have been unfortunate in contracting disease, previous to placing themselves under the care of any doctor no matter what his pretensions may be, get a copy of this truly useful work first, as it exposes the trickery and imposture practiced by quacks, who advertise to cure private diseases in the public newspapers. Sold by the author, who may be consulted upon any of the diseases of which it treats. Any person sending 25 cents enclosed a letter (post paid) will receive one copy of this book by mail, or five copies for $1. Address Dr. M. B. La Croix, or box 1028, P. O., Buffalo, N. Y. Also for sale by the author, No. 56, Beaver st; P. L. Gilbert, under the Museum, Albany, N. Y.

FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Falling of the Womb, Gonorrhœa of Whites, Obstructed, Excessive, Irregular or painful Menses, Dropsy of the Womb.

Dr. La Croix is often called upon by young and innocent females who have had their health injured for years by pills and nostrums purchased from celebrated female impostors, under the false pretence of effecting cures—those medicines in nineteen cases of twenty have an injurious effect upon the constitution, without producing the desired effect, or any signs of it. Ladies who wish for medicines, the efficacy of which has been tested in thousands of cases, and never failed to effect speedy cures without any bad results, will use none but

Dr. De Laney's Female Periodical Pills,

which are the result of the combined knowledge and experience of some of the oldest and most distinguished physicians of Europe, and have been used by females embracing most of the gentility and nobility of France for the last 25 years. To eulogise their virtues would not add to their merits. The only precaution necessary to be observed is, ladies should not take them if they have reason to believe that they are in certain situations (the particulars of which will be mentioned in the wrappers accompanying each box,) though always safe and healthy, so gently, yet so actively are they operate.

☞ Price $1 per box. they can be transmitted by mail to any part of the Union.

Dr. La Croix invites all the afflicted, however hopeless their case may appear, or whatever their disease may be, or however many physicians or remedies they have tried, to put his knowledge and skill to the test in an examination of the case—it will cost them nothing. He promises to every case he treats a permanent and radical cure for life.

☞ The Dispensary is so arranged that the person so calling will see no one but the doctor himself, who is in constant attendance in his private rooms, ready and willing to tender relief to all who may give him a call. Hundreds of certificates voluntarily given of cures, some of which are most astonishing cases on record, are for inspection at the Dispensary, all which are by his consent.

Remember 64 Lloyd street, up stairs, sign of Old Galen's Head,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Buffalo, March 8, 1851. 1y19

Erie Livery Stable.

THE subscribers would inform the public that they still continue the Livery business at their old stand on State Street, near Third, where Horses and Carriages of all description may be found at all times ready for use, and prices to suit the times. Please give us a call. MARTIN & BRIGGS.
Erie, June 11, 1851.

National Series of Standard School Books.
DAVIES' COURSE OF MATHEMATICS.
ACADEMIC COURSE.

First Lessons in Arithmetic, School Arithmetic, University, Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Practical Geometry.

COLLEGE COURSE.

Bourdon's Algebra, Legendre's Geometry, Surveying, Ana. Geometry, Calculus, Descriptive Geometry, Shades, Shadows, &c.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCES.

Parker's Juvenile Philosophy,
do. First Lessons in Natural Philosophy.
do. School Compendium of Nat. Philosophy.
Clark's Elements of Drawing.
Page's elements of Geology.
Hamilton's Elements of Physiology,
Reid and Bain's Chemistry and Electricity,
McIntire's Astronomy and Globes.

HISTORIES.

Willard's School History,
do. United States and Historical Charts,
do. Universal History and Temple of Time, and Historic Guide.

Science of the English Language

Clark's New English Grammar,
Parker's Rhetoric al Reader,
Watt's Improvement of the mind.

ELOCUTIONARY WORK

Northend's Little Speaker, American Speaker, School Dialogues, Kingsley's Juvenile Choir, Britton and Sherwood's School Song and Hymn Book.

Fulton and Eastman's System of Penmanship and Book-Keeping, with chirographic Charts and Key.

☞ The above list of books have been prepared with particular reference to the educational improvement of our country. Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to examine these works in reference to their merits and their special adaptation to the public schools and higher Universities of our country. For sale wholesale and retail, by
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